

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

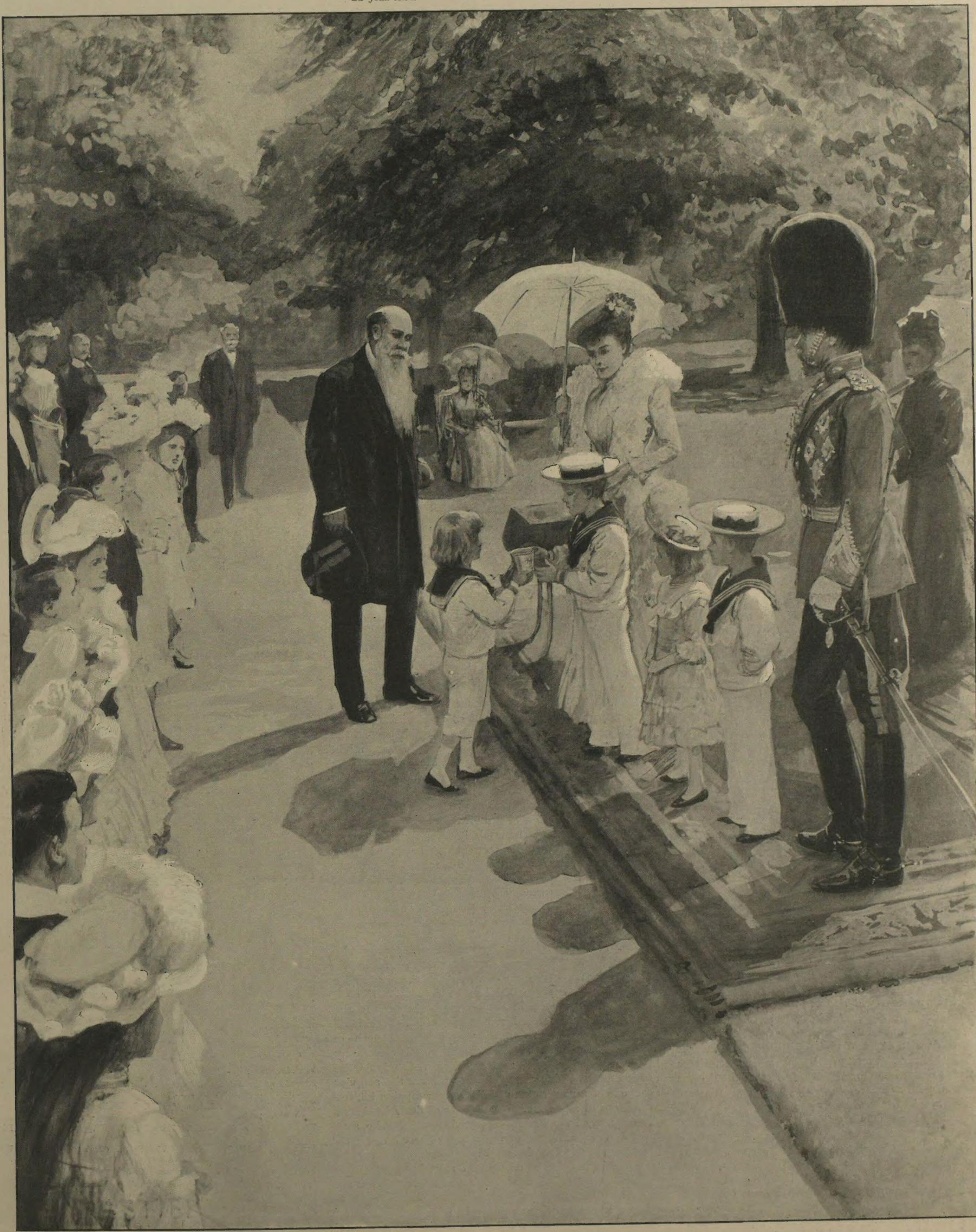
REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3299.—VOL. CXXI

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1902.

WITH FOUR-PAGE { SIXPENCE  
SUPPLEMENT

Sir John Aird.



THE HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE AND THE CHILDREN OF PADDINGTON: PRESENTATION OF A GOLD CUP TO PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES BY MASTER JACK AIRD.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

*With the consent of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the children of Paddington on July 4 presented little Prince Edward with a golden replica of the King's cup given to each of the guests at his Majesty's dinner. The deputation of thirty, representing 23,000 school-children, mustered in the Council Hall at Paddington Green, and then, with Sir John Aird, Mayor of Paddington, and six teachers, drove to Marlborough House.*

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Some discontented person has written to tell me that the penalties for our national crimes are sure, although they may be postponed for a while. This is the kind of inspiration that I envy. Heaven has denied me the gift of second sight, and all I can see at present is that the King is rapidly getting well, and that the revenue shows an enormous increase. My correspondent hints that the taxation is part of our punishment. But every tax must be obnoxious to somebody. Mr. Auberon Herbert will tell you that it is monstrous coercion to make the citizens pay for the ordinary machinery of administration. He would have the Government carried on by voluntary contributions, like a hospital. Probably he holds that taxation is a punishment, not of national crimes, but of the human stupidity that submits to be fleeced. We cannot all be philosophers, free from the mortal imperfections which need a police. Some people are Hooligans, and we pay taxes that they may be suppressed. This part of the administrative scheme is not very successful, and Sir Robert Anderson proposes that every young Hooligan shall be taken forcibly off the streets and educated by military or naval discipline: a revival of the press-gang, which would upset some philosophers sadly.

Dread of the Hooligan seems to account for objections to every scheme to make London agreeable in summer. At present there are just two spots where you can have refreshments in the open air. One is the Earl's Court Exhibition, and the other is the pleasant sward round the tea-house in Kensington Gardens. By a beautiful operation of the official mind, you can have your tea in the Gardens without music, and a mile or two away you can have music without tea; but it is contrary to public morals to have them together. If you take the air near the statue of Achilles, you can have a penny chair, and there is a kiosk where you can buy a paper; but you cannot have a drink, or even the harmless ice. Nothing can shake the conviction of the official mind that an open-air restaurant in the Park would be a rendezvous of Hooligans. The agitation for making the Mall as sociable as the Champs Elysées is frowned upon for the same reason. You are told there are plenty of nice airy restaurants already; but you are really bidden to shelter in a hot and crowded room in the interests of public safety. The real Hooligan is bad enough; but it is a bogey Hooligan who is waiting to prowl about the Mall, and attack you from behind when you are innocently tippling your ale in the shade.

The possibilities of London out-of-doors must have forced themselves, in the last few weeks, upon the multitudes who have almost lived in the streets. Why should Trafalgar Square be as stony a stepmother as Oxford Street was to De Quincey? A little greenery round the fountains would be no disrespect to the statues. The illumination which spells the name of a famous soap has been eclipsed by the nocturnal brilliancy of the Arch at Whitehall, erected by the Dominion Government as a reminder that Canada is our Imperial granary. Advertisement for advertisement, I prefer the Colony to the soap, and even to the renowned whisky which has just added its glory to knighthood. This illuminated Arch cannot be with us always; but does the official mind suppose that, after so prolonged a feast of light and colour, the people will be content for ever with the old humdrum conventions of London, with the stones instead of shrubs, with the twinkling letters of the much-advertised articles of the toilette and the canteen? There are highly respectable rows of lamps in the Mall, shedding a pale lustre on the speeding hansom. What if Chinese lanterns should swing saucily on the trees as invitations to a café-chantant? There was a time when such a suggestion would have given every householder a fit. But now you may read in papers which would die for the Constitution a proposal to make the open space under the Duke of York's Column a modestly festive haunt for the weary Londoner on a sultry evening.

I do not know how this strikes the dwellers in Carlton House Terrace. If they have real public spirit, they will keep their mansions decked with coloured lamps. Perhaps Sir Gilbert Parker, who occupies one of those seats of the mighty, will address an allocution in this sense to his neighbours. Anyhow, it is idle to expect that we should lapse into our grey monotony when we have been dazzled day and night by the Indian Princes and their retainers. The town is gay with the turbans and flowing draperies of the Orient. I have seen the Princes ablaze with gems at an evening party, turning our Western splendour to a hopeless glimmer. "It isn't the jewels," gasped a lady in my hearing, "it isn't the jewels I mind so much. They are out of one's reach; money couldn't buy them. But the clothes, my dear! Where did you ever see such silks? What must they cost? There's a nice, kind old gentleman, with a white beard, who must be wearing on his back the price of all the gowns I ever had. Do you think he would be much offended if I were to snip a piece off that robe? Wouldn't such a pattern make every dressmaker in Europe fall down in a swoon?" I

wonder whether any interpreter of chiffons has had the daring to broach this theme to a Maharaja.

Our Oriental visitors have not all escaped the interviewer. The Chinese Envoy was asked the audacious question whether he would not rather live in London than in China. This piece of Western assurance must have struck him almost as painfully as the recent incursion of Europe into his native country. Japan is our ally, and her Envoy naturally sees beauties in London which are invisible to a Chinaman. Prince Komatsu knows and loves the Thames. When he returns home he will set about training a Tokio crew to compete at Henley Regatta. He has noted the sublime patience and the immeasurable kindness of Robert, our London policeman. In many countries the policeman, as the Prince thoughtfully observes, is a public enemy; here he is the guide, philosopher, and friend of the strong and the helpless alike, of the high and the humble. A poor man has an accident in the street, and Robert carries him to a hospital. Mr. Chamberlain has an accident, and the Samaritan in blue takes impartial care of him, binds up his wound, and conducts him to the surgeon at Charing Cross without knowing who this distinguished patient is. Prince Komatsu, I am sure, has made this entry in his note-book: "Robert is the great Democrat of England."

That veteran romancer, Jules Verne, offers us the surprising prediction that this century will see the end of story-telling. He has written a hundred volumes, and despairs of romance. The novel is to die because readers will prefer the annals of the police-court. They will have no time for the novelist's taste and fancy, but will skim the reporter's plain narrative, the magistrate's judicious observations, and the bald interjections of the prisoner in the dock. Where M. Verne has found the symptoms of this change I do not know. The American newspaper has more human nature than any other, and its Sunday edition is as voluminous as the Bible, though not precisely of the same quality. And yet Americans read the Sunday editions, and a prodigious quantity of novels as well. All the world has acclaimed Madame Humbert as the supreme wizard of fraud. Every week discloses some new trophy of her extraordinary intellect. A castle in Spain is a proverbial illusion; but upon her Spanish castle Madame Humbert raised a mortgage. And yet the story of her career has nothing like the charm of fiction for the popular imagination. She has vanished; she may never be seen again; and in the course of the century some novelist, probably not of the first order, will weave a romance around her crimes, and sell twenty editions to a public that has never heard of her. Some essayist will write an article in a magazine, reciting the facts of her case, and perhaps fifty persons will read the essay.

The artist in fiction has the incomparable advantage of knowing his characters thoroughly. What does the world know of Madame Humbert? How much should we know even if she were caught, tried, and sentenced? Put Balzac's superlative criminal, Jacques Collin, into the dock, and he would be no more than an audacious ruffian. In Balzac he is a magical force, and we feel the magic as if we were his intimate companions, spellbound by his will. That is not an impression you receive from the newspaper. Some quality of creative genius touches the historical personality, and transforms it beyond the ken of the most penetrating historian. Bacon might have written most learnedly and judiciously of King John and Henry V. without giving them a spark of the life they have in Shakspere. If Mrs. Gallup were a woman of creative genius, she might have made the Bacon of her imaginary cypher so real and vivid as to be a dangerous competitor of the man she would have him supplant. As it is, her Bacon appeals to some minds because he is a dramatic figment, and because his tale, like a penny novelette, is full of crude sensations, secret marriages, bigamy, and the wrongs of the rightful heir. With similar arts did Arthur Orton, the butcher of Wapping, persuade thousands that he was a long-lost baronet.

Mr. Mallock, by the way, with shining perversity declares in the *Nineteenth Century* that to scoff at the cypher is a mark of ignorance and bad manners. He has found the cypher, but has read very little of it because it was so dull. The gross blunders in the narrative do not interest him because he is unacquainted with the period. To parody a famous speech of Wolsey's, had Mr. Mallock investigated elementary history with half the zeal he has devoted to the cause of Mrs. Gallup, he would not present the singular spectacle of a clever man complacently wrapping himself in the toils of absurdity. The printer of the *Nineteenth Century*, who has carefully examined the First Folio, says there is only one fount of italic type; therefore the bi-literal cypher is not there. This is one of the experts who, in Mr. Mallock's judgment, do not know what they are writing about. But although the cypher makes too dull a story for him to pursue, and although he is unable to criticise its historical statements, he rebukes Mrs. Gallup for the "unconscious recklessness" of her invention. The Baconians will hesitate to embrace Mr. Mallock.

## PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Lords it was announced by Lord Onslow that no Boer prisoners would be allowed to return to South Africa without taking the oath of allegiance or making a formal declaration in the same sense. The foreigners among the prisoners would not be allowed to return on any conditions. They had never been citizens in South Africa, and had no business there. In answer to Lord Brassey Lord Selborne said that the Government were not disposed to place much reliance upon subsidised merchant-steamer for the purposes of the Navy, and that the building of naval cruisers would not be slackened.

In the Commons Mr. Arnold-Forster said the Government had received a proposal from Mr. Pierpont Morgan to place the British steamers in the new Atlantic "combine" at the disposal of the Admiralty for the next fifty years. The Government had not yet decided what course to take.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman expressed the satisfaction of the Opposition with the despatch in which Mr. Chamberlain gave the reason why the Government declined to suspend the Constitution of Cape Colony. Mr. Balfour stated that there would be an autumn Session to pass the Education Bill. He hoped the House would rise for a summer holiday early in August, and meet again in the middle of October. From a statement by Mr. Akers-Douglas that the official stands erected for the Coronation might still be required, it was inferred that the King hopes to be well enough for the ceremony before long.

Lord Cranborne having stated in the course of a speech that "England does not seek alliances, she grants them," Mr. Balfour subsequently explained that these words must not be taken to mean that Japan had not entered into an alliance with us on terms of perfect equality.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

MR. FORBES ROBERTSON'S HAMLET AT THE LYRIC.

If ever a stage-performance of a classic rôle could be called a revelation, it is Mr. Forbes Robertson's Hamlet, for here is a Hamlet of overpowering charm, sweet graciousness, and sunny geniality—a Hamlet in connection with which the old phrase of "the moody Dane" is proved a complete misnomer. This Hamlet, no doubt, soliloquises and delivers the soliloquies with a delightfully correct intonation and obvious intellectual appreciation; but it is withal such a courteous, smiling, sociable Prince, a man who cannot be rude to Polonius or aught but gentle to Ophelia, or more than earnest with the Queen. Tragic intensity and sardonic humour are therefore lacking; but what true feeling, what dignity, what urbanity! Mr. Forbes Robertson is repeating his famous impersonation at special Lyric Theatre matinées, but he is not too well supported. Even Miss Gertiude Elliott, pretty and affecting in the mad scene, offers quite a colourless rendering of Ophelia.

## "THE HEDONISTS," AT WYNDHAM'S.

Among the four hundred plays rejected in the recent Playgoers' Club competition was one written by Mrs. Ashton Jonson and entitled "The Hedonists." This was produced last week at Wyndham's Theatre, and its trial matinée only proved how far superior in sincerity of observation and characterisation was Miss Syrett's prize work, "The Finding of Nancy." Mrs. Jonson's heroine is a "classic dancer," burdened with a sick father and turned out of employment. What is she to do? She decides to become a "hedonist." This girl, then, who has lost her situation through refusing a music-hall manager's kiss, accepts a flashy millionaire's offer of the inevitable Paris *ménage*. But Marcia not only forfeits sympathy by posing as indignant virtue, yet contemplating the opposite; she shows absolute lack of common-sense, believing that a rash consent given to the villain's proposal binds her with the force of a legal contract. Her honest lover, a "mining engineer," equals her in absurdity, for he leaves a letter explaining to his sweetheart his enforced departure in the hands of a married woman who loves him and is most stagily jealous. A few decently written scenes and a certain dramatic sense somewhat redeemed Mrs. Jonson's penny-novelette plot; and some hard-working players—Mr. Goodhart as the Stock Exchange vulgarian, Mrs. Arthur Scaife, earnest but overweighted in the heroine's rôle, and Miss Addie Boyne, really amusing as a Cockney landlady—did their best to vitalise purely artificial characters.

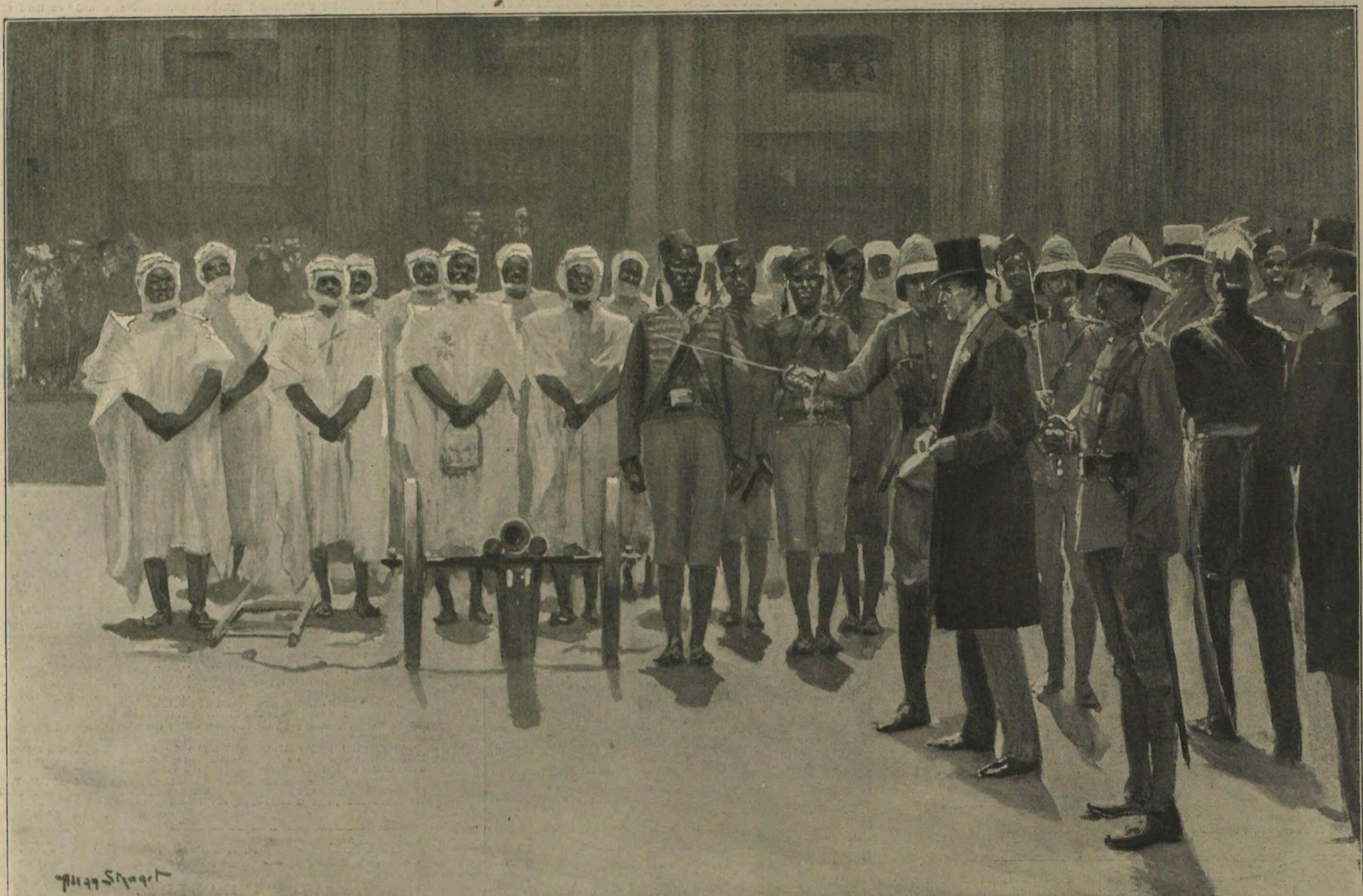
Pastoral plays in aid of the Women's Memorial to the Queen were announced to take place at Hendon Hall, Middlesex, on July 10 and 12. "The Dream Lady," by Netta Syrett, and "The Old Wives' Tale," by George Peele, were the plays chosen.

## AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

*The New Christians.* Percy White. (Hutchinson. 6s.)  
*The Celtic Twilight.* W. B. Yeats. (Bullen. 6s.)  
*A Book of Essays.* G. S. Street. (Constable. 6s.)  
*Cycle Rides Round London.* Charles G. Harper. (Chapman and Hall.)  
*Holy Matrimony.* Dorothea Gerard. (Methuen. 6s.)  
*The Ancestor, No. 2, July 1902.* (Constable. 5s.)  
*Memoirs of Sir Edward Blount, K.C.B., 1815-1902.* Edited by Stuart J. Reid. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.)  
*The Dictionary of Photography.* E. J. Wall. (Hazell, Watson, and Viney. 7s. 6d.)  
*The Diary of a Goose-Girl.* Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Gay and Bird. 3s. 6d.)  
*Progress of India, Japan, and China in the Century.* The Right Hon. Sir Richard Temple, Bart. (Chambers. 5s.)  
*The Mechanism of War.* Linesman. (Blackwood. 3s. 6d.)  
*The Coronation Book.* Jocelyn H. T. Perkins, M.A. (Ibsister. 10s. 6d.)  
*Prophet Peter.* Mayne Lindsay. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)  
*An English Girl in Paris.* (Lane. 6s.)  
*The Bond of Empire.* M. G. Jessett, F.R.G.S. (Sampson Low.)  
*Lord Strathcona: The Story of his Life.* Beckles Willson. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)



THE COLONIAL SECRETARY AND THE CORONATION CONTINGENTS



THE INSPECTION OF WEST AFRICAN CONTINGENTS BY MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN THE QUADRANGLE OF THE COLONIAL OFFICE, JULY 7.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

*The troops included men from Sierra Leone, Gambia, the Gold Coast, Lagos, and Northern and Southern Nigeria. The men in white are artillery bearers, who carry field-pieces in sections.*



MR. CHAMBERLAIN ADDRESSING THE TROOPS AFTER THE INSPECTION.

THE ORIENTAL IN THE WEST END: STRANGERS WITHIN OUR GATES.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



CORONATION VISITORS IN THE PARK.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE KING'S DINNER.

Exquisite weather favoured King Edward's great feast given on July 5 to half a million of his poorer subjects, and the only thing wanting to complete the guests' enjoyment was the presence of his Majesty at one or other of the greater centres of entertainment. At 11.20 his Majesty despatched the following message to the Lord Mayor, by whom it was communicated to the guests: "The King and Queen had intended visiting some of the Coronation dinners to-day, and his Majesty deeply regrets that his illness prevents their doing so. The King has deputed members of his family to represent him at as many of these dinners as possible. The King hopes that his guests are enjoying themselves, and are passing a happy day." The message came very opportunely with the official medical announcement that his Majesty was out of danger. In Stepney a multitude of 48,000 was entertained, at Islington 40,000, and at the Law Courts and Covent Garden 4000. Of course, these vast numbers had to be distributed over many centres. The Stepney throng, for example, was gathered at eighty-six different points, and the Bethnal Green 30,000 at sixty different places. The largest number assembled on any single spot was the 14,000 at Bishop's Park, Fulham. During the dinner the Prince and Princess of Wales visited the guests, who sat at two and a half miles of tables and on five miles of seats. The Prince and Princess also visited the East End, and conveyed the King's message to his guests at Poplar, Victoria Park, and the People's Palace. The Duke and Duchess of Fife performed a like duty for the King at



THE CORONATION AND LIFE-BOAT PROCESSION AT LEEDS, JULY 5:  
THE IMPERSONATORS OF THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING VICTORIA SQUARE.

Photo, C. F. Shaw.

Princess of Wales and other ladies witnessed the reception were festooned with flowers. At one end of the hall rose a dais, on which, under a crimson canopy, the Prince of Wales took his place to receive the representatives of our great dependency.

The Prince arrived about half-past eleven, and, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and preceded by the Secretary of State for India and the members of the Council, he ascended the dais to the sound of solemn music. The following are the chiefs and representatives who were then introduced. The chiefs were the Maharaja of Gwalior, the Maharaja of Jaipur, the Maharaja of Kolhapur, the Maharaja of Bikaner, Colonel his Highness Maharaja Sir Pertab Singh, the Maharaja of Cooch Behar, and his Highness Sir Sultan Muhammad Shah, Aga Khan. The Maharaj Kumar Prodyot Kumar Tagore represented Calcutta, Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, Bart., represented Bombay, and Raja Sir Savalai Ramaswami Mudaliar the city of Madras. The provincial representatives were the Raja of Bobbili, representing Madras; Meherban Ganpatrao Madhavray Vinchurkar, Bombay; the Hon. Asif Kadr Saiyid Wasif Ali Mirza, Bengal; the Hon. Nawab Mumtaz-ud-daula Muhamad Faiyaz Ali Khan, North-Western Provinces; Ali Khan, Gangadhar Chitnavis, Provinces; Nath Barua, Maung On Burma; Raja Qudh; Colonel med Aslam Frontier. The Viceroy's were Kunwar Singh and Sir Singh. As vanced to the or presented



NEW TWOPENNY STAMP FOR  
BRITISH GRENADA.  
Supplied by Messrs. Bright  
and Son, 161, Strand.

Nawab Fateh Punnjab; Madho Central Rai Jagannath Assam; Gaining, Pertab Singh, Lieutenant-Nawab Mahomed Khan, Province nominees Sir Harnam Baba Khem each ad-dais he bowed his sword-hilt

to the Prince, who touched it, signifying on behalf of the King that he accepted the Indian's allegiance. The whole ceremony, indeed, was that of a durbar such as might have been held at Delhi. After the presentations the Prince bowed to the right and left, and then returned to the gallery, whereupon the proceedings took the form of a Western conversazione, which was continued until nearly daybreak.

## QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S FAN.

The fan, for use on the Coronation Day, presented to the Queen by the Company of Fanmakers, is a beautiful example of their art. The lace is Irish point and lacet work. The design of the royal crown, the royal initials, and of the rose, shamrock, and thistle was worked in point in the centre and on both sides by Miss Oldroyd, of Faversham, a member of the guild. The mount is made

of mother-of-pearl, inlaid with gold, carved and ornamented with the same emblems and flowers as the lace, and is the work of Mr. Robert Gleeson. The bow and rivet are in gold, and a diamond is inserted on each side of the rivet.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN AT  
CARLISLE.

Prince Christian, President of the Royal Agricultural Society, visited the Show at Carlisle on July 7. Previously he unveiled the statue of Queen Victoria, which has been set up at the entrance to the public park in which the show is being held. His Royal Highness, in driving up, was received with a royal salute, given by the Artillery Volunteers, and with the playing of the National Anthem Mr. Scott-Nicholson, the Mayor, escorted him to the platform, and the ceremony was at once performed. The statue is an excellent example of Mr. Brock's work, and shows Queen Victoria in her Imperial robes and wearing her Imperial crown

THE REVIEW OF THE  
WEST AFRICAN TROOPS BY  
MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

The Quadrangle of the Colonial Office presented a picturesque and unusual spectacle on July 7, when Mr. Chamberlain reviewed the Coronation contingent of the West African Frontier Forces. Sergeant Dixon, of the Sierra Leone detachment, was specially introduced. The troops were then formed up in open column, and were addressed by Mr. Chamberlain, who expressed his pleasure at seeing them, and his admiration of their soldierly appearance, and stated that he hoped that even now they would have an opportunity of seeing their King's face before returning home. Finally, Mr. Chamberlain led three cheers for the King, and entered his



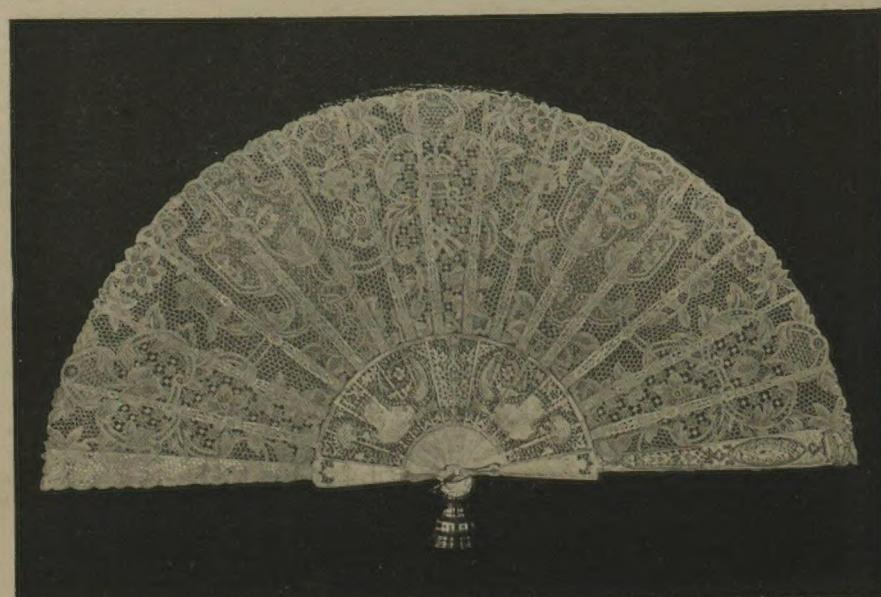
MR. RHODES'S MEMORIAL: MODEL TEMPORARILY  
ERECTED AT CHELSEA.

The monument is the work of Mr. John Tweed, who also designed the mausoleum for Mr. Rhodes's grave in the Matoppe Hills.

office as the troops marched off. Later in the day the Colonial Secretary met with an unfortunate accident. He was driving in a cab along Whitehall, when the horse slipped, and he was thrown with considerable force against the glass window. His forehead was badly cut, and it was deemed advisable to detain him at Charing Cross Hospital, where his wound was described as severe but not dangerous. He progresses favourably.

PEACE CELEBRATIONS  
ABROAD.

On June 2 the telegram announcing the peace terms was formally read to the citizens of Adelaide by Lord Tennyson. The ceremony was held in front of the Parliament House, and Lord Tennyson read the news from the steps. He was accompanied by his little sons, the Ministers, and the chief civic officials. The conclusion of peace was followed in South Africa by many services of thanksgiving, and of these we illustrate that held in the Market Square, Bloemfontein. The Bishop of Bloemfontein officiated, in presence of the troops and a large gathering of citizens. The congregation, led by the Cathedral choir, sang the 100th Psalm, and the Deputy Administrator read the lesson. Then Major-General Sir Charles Knox read the King's message of congratulation to the troops. A musical selection by the band followed, and the National Anthem concluded the service.



THE QUEEN'S CORONATION FAN.

Photo, London Stereoscopic Co.

THE RHODES MEMORIAL: THE PANELS REPRESENTING  
THE DEATH OF WILSON'S PARTY.

Mr. Rhodes commissioned Mr. Tweed to make these panels in memory of Major Wilson. They will now form part of his own monument.

the Law Courts, Covent Garden, Chelsea, and Battersea. Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark made a comprehensive tour of South London; and while Princess Christian visited the gatherings in Marylebone, Islington, and Holloway, Princess Louise made a round of the Kensington and Paddington centres. Hampstead was the especial care of Princess Henry of Battenberg; South-East London welcomed the Duchess of Albany; and thus, by an admirable division of labour, all the guests of the King were brought into direct and cordial touch with his Majesty.

## THE INDIA OFFICE RECEPTION

The official reception to the Indian visitors, given at the India Office on the night of July 4, was the most splendid of the festivities which it has been possible to hold in connection with the Coronation. The officials were no doubt well advised when they decided that the scenic accessories to the function should be of Oriental magnificence, and, accordingly, the art of the stage-manager was called in to realise at Whitehall some touch of the gorgeous East. The central court was covered with a huge velarium, or sky-canvas, painted to represent the Indian sky, the detail having been accurately set down from sky-charts. By the aid of limelight, the stars were even made to twinkle, an arrangement which, for a sober political function, seems to savour somewhat too much of the theatre. The quadrangle was decorated by Messrs. Maple after the manner of an Italian palace, and the balconies from which the

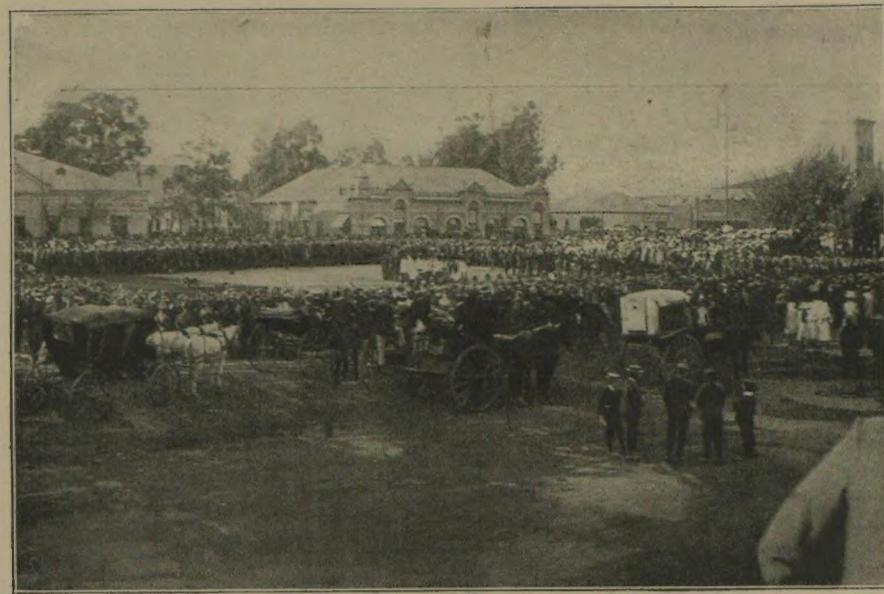


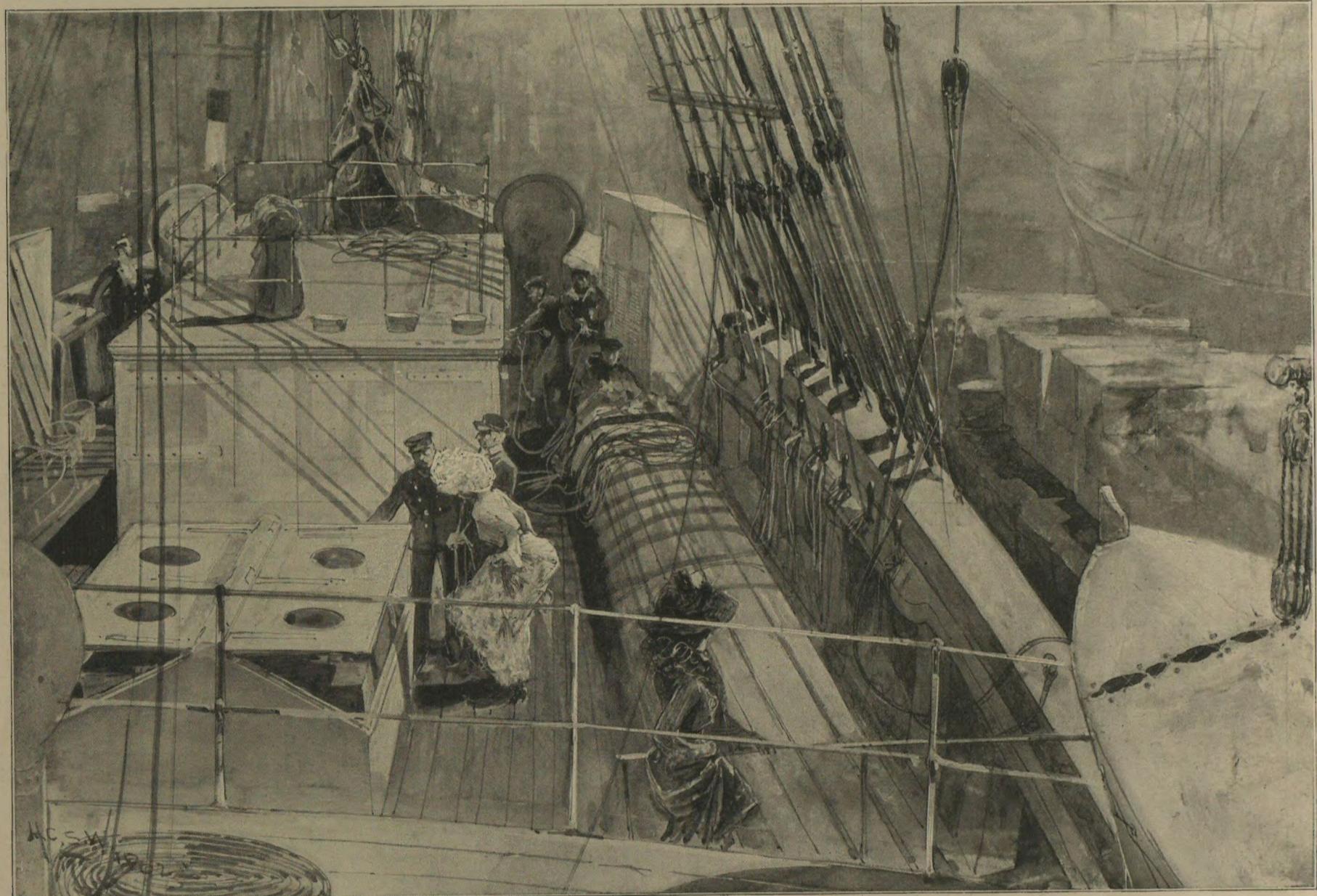
Photo. Riley.

THE PEACE THANKSGIVING AT BLOEMFONTEIN: THE SCENE IN THE MARKET SQUARE DURING THE SERVICE.



Photo. Dailey.

PEACE DAY AT ADELAIDE, JUNE 2: LORD TENNYSON ANNOUNCING THE TERMS OF PEACE FROM THE STEPS OF THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.



THE "MORNING," RELIEF-SHIP OF THE SOUTH POLAR EXPEDITIONARY VESSEL "DISCOVERY."  
The "Morning," which has been fitted out at the East India Dock, proceeds to the South Polar Regions to replenish the stores of the "Discovery."



THE UNVEILING BY H.R.H. PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF A STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AT CARLISLE, JULY 5.



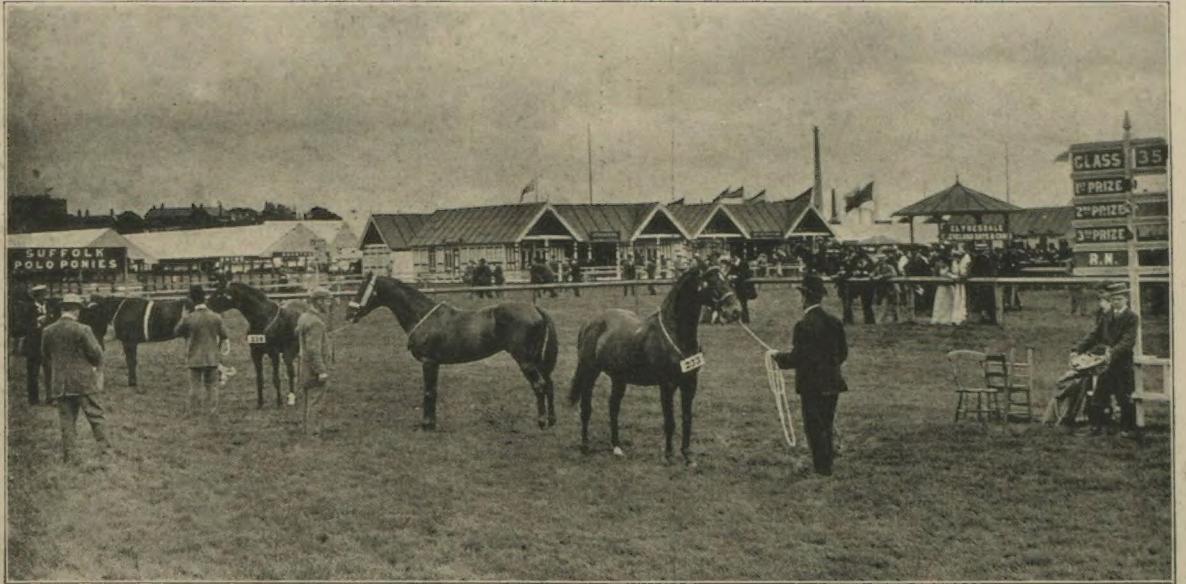
THE MOORISH ENVOY TO THE CORONATION: HIS EXCELLENCY KAID ABDERRAHMAN BEN ABDER SADEK, GOVERNOR OF FEZ, AND SUITE.

Photo. Lafayette.



JUDGING THE SHORT-HORN HEIFERS.

*The first prize was won by a heifer belonging to Mr. Henry Dudding.*



JUDGING THE POLO PONIES.

*The first prize was won by a pony belonging to Sir W. Gilbey.*

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT CARLISLE: THE SIXTY-FOURTH AND LAST PROVINCIAL MEETING.

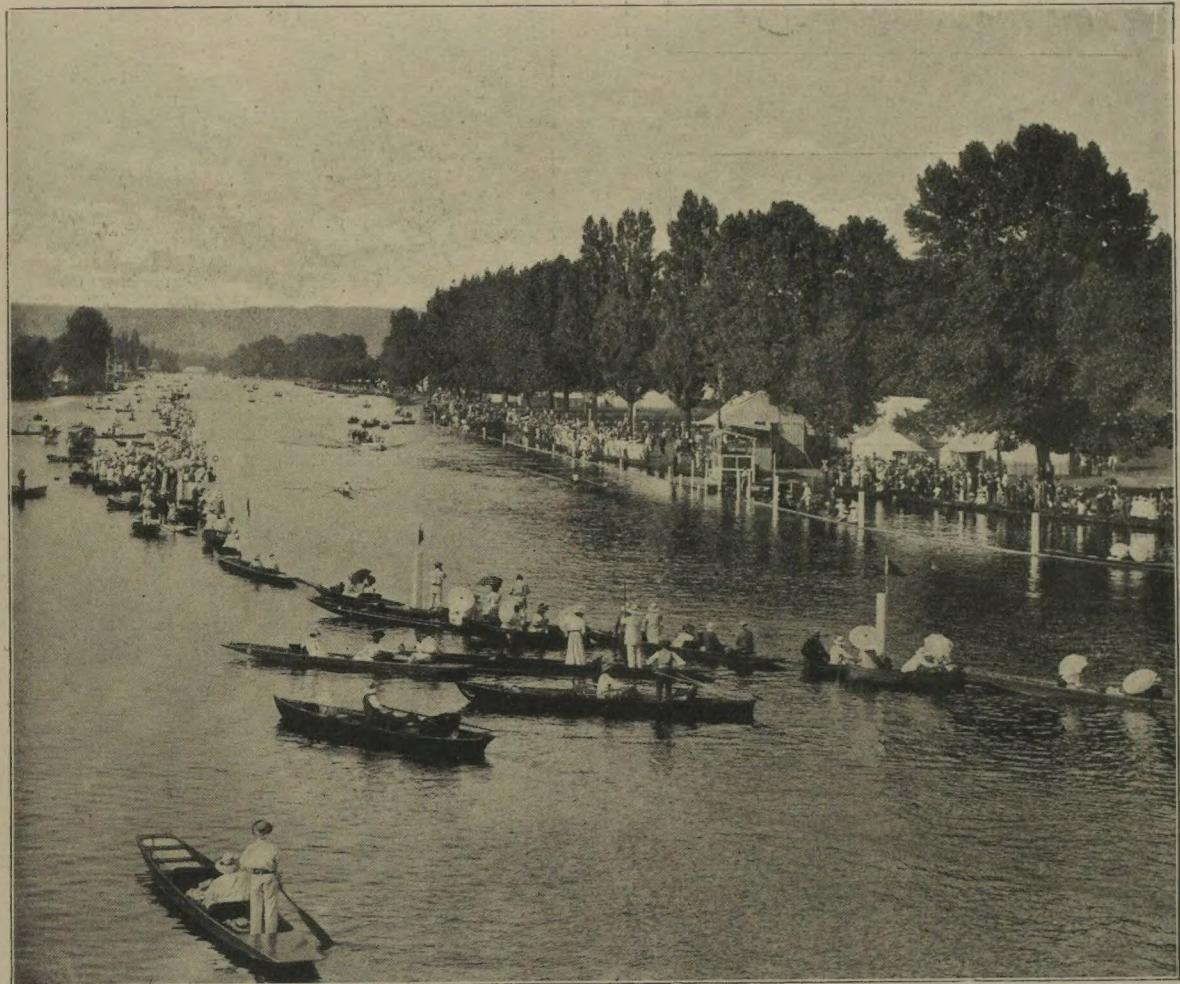
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TASSELL.



THE 1ST HEAT FOR THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP: LEANDER (WINNER) v. KINGSTON ROWING CLUB.

HENLEY REGATTA IN THE CORONATION YEAR: TWO IMPORTANT HEATS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARSH BROTHERS.



THE 3RD HEAT FOR THE DIAMOND CHALLENGE SCULLS: TITUS, NEW YORK (WINNER), v. SCHOLES, TORONTO.



THE RETURN OF THE LOVER.—BY MARCUS STONE, R.A.

Copyright by the Berlin Photographic Co.

## IN THE DEVIL'S CAVE.

By R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.

\*

Illustrated by A. Forestier.

THE Lodge of George, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, was noted in Elizabethan times as one of the finest buildings in the country. It stood on the summit of a steep hill, overlooking the little town of cutlers, with its Norman castle and tall-spired church. All around lay a great park full of noble oaks; westwards the view consisted of a fertile valley that wound gracefully to the wild moors of the High Peak. To the Scots Queen the place, scarce yet discoloured with age, already teemed with melancholy traditions; she never traversed the Long Gallery at nightfall without conjuring visions of Henry's great Cardinal on his way to death at Leicester. A morbid interest in his sojourn under the same roof often compelled her to ask the oldest of Lord Shrewsbury's servants to recite the story of how the ailing priest sat on an oaken chest, with his staff and beads in his hands; or walked to and fro, leaning heavily upon the arm of his gentleman-usher, George Cavendish, brother-in-law to my Lord's wife, Bess of Hardwick.

The Cardinal had escaped violence, death following upon a broken heart; the Queen was to travel further south, as he had done, and to kneel before the block at Fotheringhay. On the day of the last journey to Buxton, the gaffer's description of the scarlet-robed figure, sighing and moaning for a lost favour, brought to the lady an unaccustomed ironical mirth; although her breath quickened, her lips were twisted with laughter.

"A tailor's son and a puppet!" she said, half audibly. "But my good sister dare not lay hands upon my life. France, Spain, the whole world would rise against her. A Dowager and a Queen—"

Then the long hand, with its jewelled taper fingers, waved the man aside. He shambled away, mumbling; she turned to the oriel that looked Peakward, striving to read the thoughts of one who dwelt a score miles away in a grange amid the hills. And as she looked she sighed and played with her golden crucifix.

"A comely lad," she murmured. "Clean of life, passionate, tender. Poor, poor Tony! One who might have been my son—and, were I not a Queen, might have been my true love. Poor Tony!"

The Countess of Shrewsbury entered, her head thrown back haughtily, as if she viewed one of inferior position. Of late the ladies had not agreed well, and Bess of Hardwick had refused to sit before the tapestry-frame with the royal captive and her women, although the needlework had all been presented to her for the projected new house that was to overlook the vale of Scarsdale. A shrewd, cunning woman with crinkled yellow hair, sherry-coloured eyes (sly and malevolent before they met the Queen's), a thick, crimson upper lip, and peach-downy chin. Like the Queen, she wore black; her gown was of dull quilted cloth, Mary's of rich velvet, presented years ago by her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine.

"I bid you good day, mistress," said the Countess. "Your lord hath sent word that the horses are ready for the journey to Buxton."

Then, curtseying affectedly, so low that the rings of her hoop clicked, she backed to the door. No sooner was she gone when a tapestry curtain stirred, and Nau, the Queen's secretary, appeared. Mary was wont to say that he brought with him a breeze from *la belle France*; for never was living man so full of natural joy and vivacity. As he appeared he flourished his plumed hat jubilantly, in a fashion understood by none save himself and his lady.

He spoke from behind a lifted hand. "All's settled, Madame," he said, using the French language. "The escort's ready—my Lord says farewell to his huswife."

The Queen's eyes were sparkling with excitement. "Then there's no change," she whispered. "We go beside the river to the great cave—and thence over the hills? The fox sleeps, or he'd ne'er have permitted me to choose the path."

Mistress Seaton, the favourite chamber-woman, entered with an ermine riding-cloak, and a pouch of gold network to hang from the Queen's girdle. When the strings and buckles were fastened, Mary took Mistress Seaton's arm, and emphasising, as she always did in the presence of Lord Shrewsbury's household, the infirmity caused by her rheumatism, she slowly descended the staircase, halting often, and pressing a hand to her side.

In the courtyard, however, the counterfeited pain became real. The west wind, odorous with the full-flowered heather, exhilarated her for the moment, so that she forgot her weakness, and, without pausing for aid, strove to reach the saddle as gaily as a young lass. The gelding shied; she fell heavily against the staircase, and her eyelids closed for a brief while. Lady Shrewsbury busied herself with the administering of cordials, and spoke of moving the Queen back to her chamber; but the languorous eyes opened in time.

"To Buxton!" she said. "I—am not hurt—not I. Were this the hardest blow I'd e'er chanced, I'd be a happy woman."

She smiled gratefully upon the Countess, and, rising, kissed her on the cheek. "Dear lady," she said, "you are too good—too kind to your unfortunate guest."

This time the Earl lifted her to the saddle; the gates were thrown wide open, and the cavalcade passed to the open hill. Bess of Hardwick watched from the gatehouse window, a kerchief in readiness to wave, but neither the Earl nor his charge turned their heads for a parting look. Armed men rode in front and rear; on the Queen's right was her jailer, a weather-beaten man, sharp-featured and sandy; on her left, Secretary Nau, exultant at the sight of the faint colour that rose to his mistress's face as the party galloped towards the moorland. Immediately behind were the ladies and gentlemen of the Scots household, chatting freely, and endeavouring to hide anxiety under a semblance of mirth.

The Queen's spirits grew unusually light; she jested wittily with Shrewsbury, albeit he frowned very sourly, concerning the popular stories connected with the love-history of Elizabeth. In kindlier hours, as they had sat plying their needles, the Countess had retailed the Court gossip, and unknown to my Lord, after their last bitter quarrel, Mary had written to her "good sister," with full betrayal of malevolent scandals.

When the riders reached the pack-horse track that crossed the heath known as Totley Moss, the Queen was so elated that she cast prudence to the winds. She began to look plaintively and amorously upon the Earl, who, now that they were some miles away from his vigilant wife, relaxed in his sternness, and forgot to keep his forehead puckered with ugly wrinkles. To-day, she was very fair to behold; her skin was more exquisitely pure than ever; the riding-hood had fallen back, and the new headdress of pearls and auburn hair glittered wonderfully in the hot sunlight.

"Dear Reynard," she said, using a name which (the Countess having once overheard) had bred dire trouble in his household. "What would my good sister do if the goose slipped from your jaws?"

The Earl laughed nervously. "Why, Madame," he replied, "my head would fall from betwixt my shoulders. Since such is the case, 'tis wise of me to treasure the goose carefully."

"Would that I were back in Scotland," she said, in a low voice, so that none save he might hear, "mistress of my birthright, and supported by such men as you! Ay, me—were I there once again, I'd choose no silly lad for consort, but a gentleman wise and venerable—one who could play well the game of statesmanship—one who'd guard those who are best guarded—with respect and compassion."

The Earl blinked foolishly; her beauty had become too dazzling; she seemed no longer a woman worn and distraught with captivity, but a lovely girl in her young maidenhood. She had the fairy gift of summoning supreme fascination at will; this she did very rarely before those whom she disliked, for, as she was wont to tell her confidants, the effort cost too great a price. But to-day her mood was generous and kindly, and she owed my Lord for many private courtesies. If fortune helped her, after so many luckless strivings, he should at least preserve a dainty memory.

There was a slight squint in her left eye; it detracted nowise from her charm; indeed, as many said, it added to her piquancy. On the occasions when she wished to delight folk this peculiarity became more obvious. Secretary Nau, observing, cursed jealously, and shrugged his handsome shoulders.

"Were I Queen in earnest," she continued, "a man should readily be freed from bondage—for shrewishness above all things. Think, my Lord of Shrewsbury—if you were again mateless! And your dame's a vile scold, full to the lip of small-beer jealousies. Yesternight she flounced like a termagant into my chamber, hunting in the closets and crying whither had my gallant gone? I bethought myself of France and of my King. 'To Heaven,' said I. Thereat your Bess flew from the place, crying like a wench from Billingsgate Bank—as you courtiers say."

The Earl groaned; none knew better than he the grossness of the virago's suspicions. Her tongue, however, was plausible enough at times; for instance, when she wished to make his offspring believe in their father's falsity. Her influence had alienated the affection of all; family life at Sheffield Lodge was one continuous turmoil. Yet, despite the Scots Queen's wondrous charm and the tempting promise of her words, his loyalty to Elizabeth was not affected.

"Wedlock's a weary state," he said. "Were I free no other woman should call me husband."

The Queen bent towards him. "'Tis wisest," she cried mischievously. "But what of pretty Nell Britton at Whitley Hall? A rustic beauty—an admirable solace. Even your lady views her complacently. Only when you turn to women of rank does rage boil in her veins."

He changed the subject abruptly. "Since you have ne'er ridden here before to-day," he said, "let me point out the houses of our country squires. Yonder's Padley, where live the Fitzherberts—already suspected of harbouring priests and laying trouble in store."

The Queen's mood changed; she averted her face. Nau read viperish bitterness in its expression. She did not speak again, save in answer to questions, until they had reached the little town of Castleton, where the keep of the Peverils, still almost intact, frowned from its precipitous hill. At the inn, a great, squat thatched place, whose host had been forewarned of their coming, they alighted; and passing to a private parlour, the Queen and her women were served with a light collation. After they had rested for an hour, Lord Shrewsbury led the way to the mouth of the Devil's Cave. In the immense vaulted entrance that sloped at the further end to a low-pitched doorway, the tents of a tribe of gypsies were pitched, but by the Earl's command their occupants had all been huddled into the church, so that nought unseemly might occur during the royal visit.

Torches of pine-bark, brought from Sheffield, were lighted by the guards; the roughly made door was unlocked, and the party entered the strait, steeply descending passage that leads into the earth's entrails. The Queen's voice was raised unduly high, as if she desired to test the weird echoes of the place; the dancing light of the torches showed that her colour had faded, but that her eyes sparkled more brilliantly than ever.

Her hand was resting in the crook of Shrewsbury's arm: after they had crept together beneath a low hanging rock, she pressed closely to his side.

"What if yon rock should fall," she said, "fall and make us all prisoners alike? Then would be neither Queen nor Earl, ladies nor gentlemen! All would be as God made us; and I warrant all skeletons before the world dug us out! A quiet, happy death, and no leeches to cut and embalm. . . ."

My Lord shivered. "A bed of down for me," he said. "Everything in orderly decency—"

The Queen's humour grew more sombre. "I shall not die abed," she said in his ear. "The woman who nursed me had the second sight—no picking of the sheets for me! Shrewsbury, there have been times when I felt grateful; remember that I told you—remember that some day you shall be rewarded according to your merits."

They had reached the bank of a black stream that shone like to a mirror, and prattled huskily. A punt lay there; several of my Lord's men were covering the interior with saddle-cloths. The first torch-bearers entered, crouching low, and passed to the further bank; the punt returned, and the Queen, with Shrewsbury and Nau and her waiting-women, were drawn slowly across. Afterwards they went through a long tunnel to a huge cavern,



*She turned her face towards the approaching crowd.*

"IN THE DEVIL'S CAVE."—BY R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.

from whose invisible roof drops of ice-cold water pattered heavily upon their heads and shoulders.

"Here," said my Lord, "a robber lived in long-past days. Climb the side, my lads—show us that there is naught save darkness overhead."

The Queen pressed his arm once more. "Good Shrewsbury," she exclaimed in affected fright, "you have chosen poor torches! Sure the pit of Hell itself were better lighted!"

She began to limp and moan. "The rheum hath risen to my side," she said. "Let us rest here let us go no further."

If she were truly in pain, her countenance was well under command: my Lord saw laughter in her eyes; saw her small white teeth sparkling; felt her warm, perfumed breath, that came in white clouds, stirring the thin hairs of his beard.

"How would your lady protest, did she but see us in this faint light!" she whispered. "Oh, Shrewsbury, for liberty and love!"

The gleam from the torches grew ever dimmer and dimmer; one sizzled and went out, the others glowed red, sending forth no shooting flames. Gilbert Talbot cried for more light; men blew upon the twisted bark without success.

"'Tis the damp air the moisture from the roof," the Queen muttered. "I am afraid—let my women come. A cordial . . ."

The last torches died, and the cavern was in utter darkness. A guard fumbled with his flint and steel; the sparks awakened no glow in the tinder. The Queen, with a shrill cry, left my Lord's side and caught Mistress Seaton by the cloak. Then her right hand was touched reverently, and the palm raised to the lips of one who stooped behind a boulder; in another moment a strong arm was around her waist, and without hesitation she began to walk hurriedly over the broken ground.

"I have the eyes of a cat," she said tremblingly. "I see you, Tony, through the darkness."

"Hush!" the man whispered. "A word might bring them on our track. . . . Wait, Madam, till we're in the open, riding to Scotland."

A hurly-burly rose in the great cave; the clicking of flint and steel grew ever louder and louder. Shrewsbury's voice, high-pitched and nasal, cried: "Guard the Queen!"

"'Twas well done," she said triumphantly. "Folk of his own household traitors to him! The fox shall pay dearly for his earth! Tony—already I smell the heather—already the warm sun beats upon me. For once in my poor life to ride *sans* guard, *sans* thought of barred doors at the end of my journey! To-night we rest in the wilds . . . God's sky our roof!"

The fingers of his left hand glided slowly along a silken clue; ever and anon the arm about her waist pressed downward, so that she might lower her head. As they progressed the noise of voices grew fainter and fainter.

"Nau shall be given a high position in my country," she said. "'Twas his thought—the exchanging of my Lord's torches and the damping of the tinder. No light till those from the outer earth come a-seeking. . . . The guards at the door drugged with bitter-sweet in their wine. . . . How far to walk to the horses?"

"Scarce a mile," he replied. "In the Winnats, among the rocks, my men wait. The fleetest mares in all the country—then over the moors—three days and you are free."

They heard the mournful whisper of the stream. The punt, moored to a staple, jarred occasionally against the rough stone. Tony knelt and unfastened the knots of the rope. As he lifted the Queen from the bank, a weird sound not unlike laughter that ended in gasping, forced a muffled cry from her lips. A draught of chillier air went by: something splashed in the ice-cold water.

Her teeth began to chatter. "A flitter-mouse has passed," she said.

Tony groped in the bottom of the punt, then cursed huskily. "The pole's lost," he said. "There's treachery!"

The Queen's hands rose to her heart. "There shall be no treachery," she whispered. "Now that liberty is so near, naught shall hinder us."

He lowered himself over the side; the water was scarce waist-deep, but the current was strong with the late floods, and he had much ado to preserve his footing. He strove with all his might to turn the punt, so that its further end might swing to the opposite bank, but spite of his efforts it refused to move.

The Queen heard the hissing of a breath; her elbow, suddenly moved, came in contact with a human head. Someone was bending from the inner bank, clinging strenuously to the timber. She took from her girdle a little crystal-hafted stiletto, and stabbed through the blackness. The flesh yielded; the grasp relaxed and the punt swung round, making with the stream towards the opening that leads to utter oblivion. It stopped with a jerk, wedged firmly between two stubborn rocks.

Tony drew himself slowly from the water, and felt his way to the Queen's side. "The clue is broken," he said. "We have failed."

"And one has followed us all the while," she replied. "I thrust my bodkin—warm blood spattered over my wrist. God grant that 'twas the traitor's death-blow!"

"My Lord is far behind," he said. "Keep your strength, Madame; in a brief while we shall reach the open."

"Ay," she said, "with bandogs in close pursuit. And I'm old, Tony—an old woman. Often before have I felt the weight of my years, but ne'er as I feel it now. Leave me: it may not be known who has striven to save me. The traitor, whoc'er he be, has not seen your face."

She stopped resolutely. "They are crossing Styx!" she said. "I command you to fly. Another time you may help me—my folk are faithful—your letters will come constant as before. Go!"

He strove to draw her along, but she stood rigid. "Tony," she moaned, "I am not to be constrained, and I will go no further. Another kiss. Farewell, my boy, think me not ungrateful. Farewell and farewell."

The light came nearer; she thrust Tony away and sat down on a boulder, covering her eyes with her hands. She heard him sigh, then his footsteps died in the distance. She turned her face towards the approaching crowd, and saw Lord Shrewsbury foremost, side by side with a guard who bore a torch made of lace torn from the men's attire. The Earl was ghastly wan, he shook like a paralytic.

"God send the day when her Majesty moves you from my control!" he cried. "'Tis near, but not too near. A harsher jailer—one who would bind you in chains—"

The Queen laughed loudly. "You are foremost of all men in gallantry," she retorted. "Yet I warn you to hold your peace. What would my good sister determine if she knew that you took me to a place where men lay in ambush to carry me away?" She clapped her hands together. "Methinks your Queen herself hath laid this plot—in truth, I fear that the wretches who seized me were paid to drag me to some dark precipice—to fling me into everlasting blackness. Nay, my good Shrewsbury, no word—perchance you, too, were party to her design! How my mind grasps all! This was to be the end, and I, denied even decent sepulture, was doomed to lie unshaven in this cave of Satan."

The Earl, in a paroxysm of rage, stamped his feet upon the wet ground. "Peace, Madam!" he stuttered. "You shall know more of this hereafter. One man alone hath helped you, and you called him by his name. By the rood, Anthony Babington shall suffer, and the lips that kissed yours shall ere long kiss the dust."

Her raillery was not repeated. "He hath kissed dust in kissing me," she said. "The air is full of death and corruption."

She swayed slightly, and the Earl, moved against his will to compassion, offered his arm for her support. But she shook her head, and fenced foolishly with her hands.

"One of my servants, my Lord," she said. "Let Nau come forward—a son of France."

The secretary stumbled unwillingly from behind the cluster of watching folk. The Queen smiled wistfully upon him, but seeing on his right cheek a bleeding wound, she fell back, and without a word laid her hand on Shrewsbury's arm, and tottered slowly by his side.

THE END.

#### WEST AFRICAN CORONATION VISITORS.

Among the dusky potentates who came to England for the Coronation were King Bai Farima and Prince Pamayangba of the Kawai country, a territory adjoining Sierra Leone. The King is about sixty years of age, and is of the Mohammedan persuasion. He has eleven wives and twenty-five children. The Prince is the King's cousin, but differs from him in creed; for Pamayangba is a convert to Wesleyanism, and was educated at Freetown. He has a fine command of the English language. Acting as interpreter for Bai Farima, he said that that monarch was glad to come to London to see King Edward crowned. Bai Farima's relations with Great Britain have, indeed, always been most friendly. The King holds sway over more than a million subjects, and a few years ago, during a rebellion in Sierra Leone, he rendered valuable assistance to the British power.



Prince Pamayangba. Mr. Edwin (Secretary).

King Bai Farima.

WEST AFRICAN CORONATION VISITORS: KING BAI FARIMA OF THE KAWAI COUNTRY, AND HIS COUSIN PRINCE PAMAYANGBA.

Then she lifted her hands to his face and drew it close to her own. "All's over," she said. "'Tis but my usual fortune. Kiss me, Tony; kiss your poor wretch on the lips. Ay, my poor lad, my brave Tony."

He began to sob; she pressed his face against her bosom. "Tony, I did not know till now how I loved you," she murmured. "And I am tired—tired to the very heart! I'd ne'er have reached Scotland—not I."

"If our horses had failed," he said, "my arms would have borne you. . . . And now, 'tis but another waiting: in the end you shall escape."

She rose suddenly, striking her head against the roof. "They are coming," she said. "They have gotten lights again—one tinder-box was not spoiled. I am minded to fling myself into this water—to close my eyes for ever."

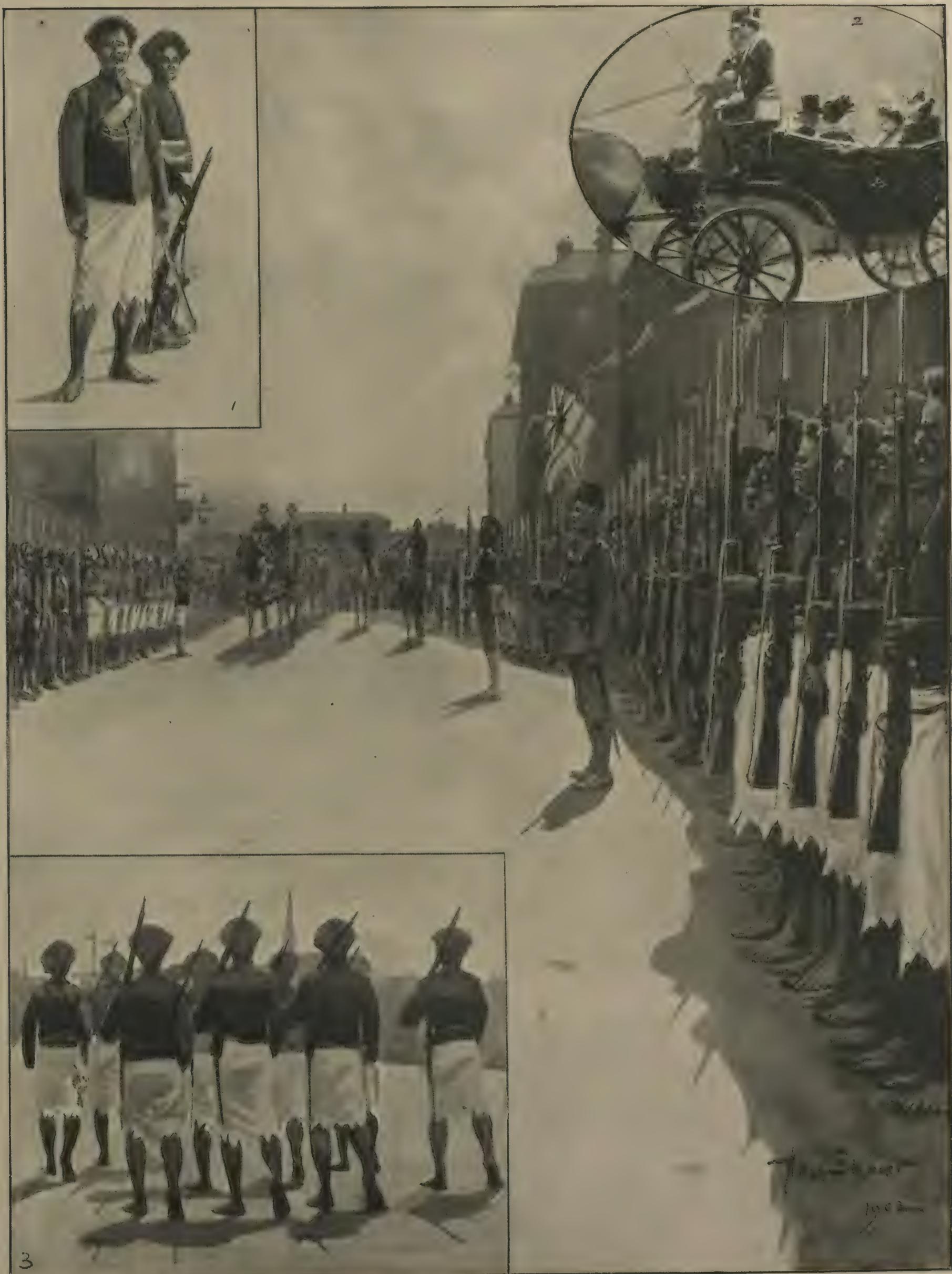
Tony had descended once more into the stream. "There are many hiding-places here," he pleaded. "One that I alone know, where I have lain in waiting for to-day. I can find it—food is there—we could stay for a se'nnight."

"And rot slowly," said the Queen. "'Tis of you I think. Go, for the love of Christ!"

But the lad took her in his arms and lurched with her to the further bank. There, holding her hand, he conducted her along the narrow gallery.

THE KING'S DINNER: THE FIJIAN TROOPS ON GUARD AT HOLLOWAY.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



1. A SERGEANT-MAJOR AND PRIVATE OF THE FIJIAN CONTINGENT.  
3. THE FIJIAN CONTINGENT LEAVING HOLLOWAY STATION.

2. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN ARRIVING AT HOLLOWAY TO VISIT THE DINNER.  
4. THE COLONIAL, FIJIAN, AND INDIAN TROOPS LINING THE ROUTE AT HOLLOWAY.

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THE KING'S DINNER TO HALF-A-MILLION LONDON POOR: SCENES AT VARIOUS CENTRES.



1. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT ADDRESSING THE GUESTS.

2. INDIAN VISITORS.

3. MUSIC ADDED TO THE FEAST: SOME PERFORMERS.

4. THE KING'S GUESTS.

THE SCENE AT THE GUILDHALL.

Drawn by R. M. Paxton.



THE FLORAL HALL, COVENT GARDEN.

Photo. Coughlan.



THE GATHERING AT DAVIES STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE.

Photo. Haines.



STORMONT HALL, LAVENDER HILL, BATTERSEA.

Photo. S. Applegarth.



THE GUESTS AT WESTMINSTER WAITED ON BY LONDON SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS.

Photo. Haines.

## THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CRICKET MATCH AT LORD'S, JULY 3, 4, 5

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



## PLAYERS AND SPECTATORS.

The Oxford team was this year considerably below the average, while that of Cambridge was fairly well up to the usual strength. Mediocrity was the chief characteristic of the play. The match concluded on July 5 in a win for Cambridge by five wickets.



THE KING'S DINNER TO THE LONDON POOR, JULY 5: THE GUESTS AT BISHOP'S PARK, FULHAM, CHEERING THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

*Fourteen thousand of the King's half-million guests sat down to dinner under the great marques. The tents formed almost a little town, and halfway down the line the Prince and Princess of Wales, who visited the gathering on behalf of the King, took up their station while the Bishop of London said grace. The Prince then read Saturday morning's bulletin announcing that the King was out of danger. The news was received with tremendous cheers. Their Royal Highnesses then proceeded from tent to tent, and after about half an hour they drove off amid renewed cheering. The Prince expressed himself highly gratified by the arrangements.*

## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*Madame Bovary.* By Gustave Flaubert (Translation). (London: Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)  
*The Battle Ground.* Ellen Glasgow. (Westminster: Constable. 6s.)  
*Patricia of the Hills.* Charles Kenneth Burrow. (London: Lawrence and Bullen. 6s.)  
*The Demagogue.* By Carlton Dawe. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)  
*The Buried Temple.* By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. (London: Allen. 5s.)  
*A Graduate in Love.* By Inglis Allen. (London: Pearson. 6s.)  
*The Empire of Business.* By Andrew Carnegie. (London: Harper and Brothers. 10s. 6d.)  
*The Book of the Rose.* By A. Foster-Melliar. (London: Macmillan. 6s.)  
*Rossetti: A Critical Essay on his Art.* By Ford Madox Hueffer. (London: Duckworth. 2s. 6d.)

On Flaubert's masterpiece criticism has already said enough, and on Flaubert's work as a whole such critics as Walter Pater have dwelt with sufficient lucidity, but



GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

Reproduced from "Madame Bovary," by permission of Mr. William Heinemann.

that does not discount Mr. Henry James's introduction to the latest translation of "Madame Bovary." The personal touch of reminiscence is happy, and the impression of Flaubert's methods of work, which one remembers to have received more diffusely from Pater, is crystallised in the peculiarly Jamesesque phrase "gouging out his successive books." So analytic a writer as the author of "Salammbô" and "L'Education Sentimentale" taxes the dexterity of the translator, but the task has been tolerably performed by an unacknowledged hand.

Miss Ellen Glasgow's new story, "The Battle Ground," is stirring in every sense of the word, and likely to be popular. The cheap cynicism and the laboured epigram which disfigure so much promising work nowadays find no place in her pages: Miss Glasgow's grasp of character and her sane and wholesome way of looking at life lead her safely past these pitfalls. Her story is of Virginia in the troublous days preceding the abolition of slavery, and Miss Glasgow is not so much concerned to discriminate between abstract right and wrong, represented by North and South, as to present a faithful picture of the situation as it affected the characters in her story, and in this, doubtless, she has done wisely. To many persons, of whom the present writer is one, negro dialect is a stumbling-block and a hindrance to the full enjoyment of any book. The story under notice is no exception; but it is only just to add that when the phonetic eccentricities have been patiently mastered, one is rewarded on occasion by examples of shrewd and pawky humour. We do not intend to tell Miss Glasgow's story, but we may add that, contrary to custom, her hero is on the losing side, and comes back to Betty without laurels of any kind; and yet he is, in truth, a conqueror, and those who would read the riddle should also read Miss Glasgow's fine story.

Mr. Burrow has "put the comether" on us, to borrow an expressive phrase from one of his characters, and we have yielded to his spell without reluctance. "Patricia of the Hills" is a good story, not so much because of the plot, which is slight, but because it is so utterly and intensely human. The people we meet are no mere figure-heads; the warm blood runs in their veins, strong passions move them, and their doings are narrated with simplicity, directness, and force. There is something infinitely fresh and vigorous in Mr. Burrow's story which is only partly accounted for by its Celtic origin. No doubt the out-of-doors atmosphere counts for much: it is the life of cities, intricate and involved, which warps and belittles our primitive emotions. In the country, beneath the stars at night and on the hillside, there is room for them to expand. And this sense of leisure, of aloofness

from the rush and whirl of modern life, finds admirable expression in "Patricia of the Hills." The descriptive passages are not numerous, but they are skilfully managed, as in this paragraph, which describes the breaking of a long frost: "The little streams found voice again under the touch of the south-west wind and the river received them joyfully, and brimmed its banks; the bare earth took colour and gave beneath the tread." But the charm of this book is not to be compassed in extracts; it should be read.

Mr. Carlton Dawe has given the title of "The Demagogue" to a novel which might as appropriately be called "The Roman Catholic," or, better, "The Anti-Roman Catholic." For although the fact that he orates in the Park and has a pet communistic experiment, "the Commonwealth," in a Chelsea slum, and generally gives his enemies some cause to denounce him as a seditious fellow and a demagogue, is an important influence in Philip Morwyn's story; still, the most strenuous and vital passages in it arise out of the contest waged between him and the priest, Father Ingate. Moreover, as if to round off the element thus introduced into his novel, Mr. Carlton Dawe makes considerable play with a Ritualist clergyman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Grove Elstone. It is not, of course, with the title that we quarrel, but with the complication of issue in the novel which results from these rival motives. Still, as he has led us to expect by his earlier books, Mr. Carlton Dawe has written a clever and entertaining, if not particularly distinguished novel. We are rather amused, by the way, at the statement that "the novelist who sails ahead with a circulation of fifty thousand copies of the six-shillings edition will assume a placid ignorance of the rank and file, and he could not for the life of him recall the name of any one with a circulation less than half his own." Fancy Mr.— But perhaps it will be as well not to attempt its refutation.

Mr. Alfred Sutro has turned into English that serious work, "The Buried Temple," very well, with the spirited phrase that does not confess the stiffness and friction of translating; so well indeed that we yield to the temptation to protest against such a fault in detail as the writing of "for ever" in this book as one word—

Forever! 'tis a single word;  
 Our rude forefathers deemed it two.  
 Nor am I confident they erred—  
 Are you?

We have called M. Maurice Maeterlinck's work serious; and so it is in the profoundest sense of the word. His subjects are the mystery of justice, the evolution of mystery, the kingdom of matter, the past, and "luck." He speaks for those who do not believe in a single, omnipotent Judge, and yet who keep the conviction that there is a thing called justice to which the human soul bears testimony—a thing that transcends the phenomena of the world, the partial justices and the injustices that pass daily before human eyes; a thing, therefore, that is more universal than all experience, and more perfect. To confess the existence of such a justice may seem to many minds equivalent to naming a "judge," and even to naming him "God." But we do not claim for M. Maeterlinck that he is a masterly thinker, or one following thought into its furthest and deepest places. He rather seems to face the problem as it presents itself to the best class of the mediocre capacity. What is remarkable in him among other modern inquirers is that he has done nothing in haste: the impulses of awful submission or those of desperate revolt, if they ever really affected him, are quelled and gone by. He says neither "Let us adore" nor "Let us refuse"; neither "Let us renew" nor "Let us end"; but rather "Let us consider how we may endure and make progress." With Newman, Voltaire, Schopenhauer, or Nietzsche he has little part; he is rather of the family of Marcus Aurelius.

Apart from the knack of movement and occasionally laughable invention, which Mr. Inglis Allen has turned to promising account in one or two earlier efforts, there is nothing to justify the existence of "A Graduate in Love." Mr. Allen had rather endeared himself to us than otherwise by some of the sketches of University humours with which he made his bow to the critics, and we feel that we have a personal grievance against him for the chronicle of very small beer which he has now set forth. Hugh Ashby and the Cynic we have met before, and the pair, it must be confessed, do not improve on acquaintance. Those who know Oxford from within will be able to make allowance for the unfortunate types who fear unpressed trousers and the suburbs (where, by the way, they live) more than their Maker, and will understand exactly Mr. Inglis Allen's controversial position and his satire. But to the general reader who is no specialist, Ashby must seem little removed from a puppy, and the Cynic from something more disagreeable. As regards the method of the book, the riot of extravagant and improbable incident amounts to the merest knock-about clowning, unworthy of the writer's undeniable gift of drollery; while the intrusion of what stage-managers call the "love interest" is a manifestly foolish counsel. Mr. Allen, indeed, seems to have been lured by Até out of his true environment, and the whole work consequently rings false. For restraint, the salt of sentiment and humour alike, we seek in vain. It is regrettable; but Mr. Allen can, and must, do better.

Mr. Carnegie is not a thinker, and he is not a literary man, but he goes on writing books to prove that this is the best of all possible worlds. He prattles amiably about the interests of labour and capital, and discovers that they are practically identical, because the skilful workman can dictate terms to the employer and share the profits of the business. Poverty has no existence for Mr. Carnegie. "The few rich are getting poorer, and the toiling masses are getting richer." To be a millionaire is to be the bondslave of society. Millions do not really belong to their nominal owner, who has to invest them in enterprises for the public benefit. All that the poor millionaire can call his own is the roof over his head. As

for Trusts, they cannot injure anybody, for economic laws are against them. Free competition is against them. As the successful Trust crushes free competition, Mr. Carnegie begs the question. But that is his method. To illustrate the cheapness of living in America, he actually tells a story of an American who staggered an English friend by appearing in a new suit of clothes which cost eighteen shillings. The Englishman was silenced because his own suit had cost seven pounds. Into the quality of the American suit, bought from a street barrow, Mr. Carnegie thinks it needless to inquire. He believes that all men have equal opportunities for success in business, and that the chief aim of every young man should be to show that he understands the business better than his employer. "Boss your boss as soon as you can; try it on early." It is perfectly safe, for the "boss" is always looking out for the coming genius who will teach him his proper place. Mr. Carnegie has a great contempt for the classics, and holds that there is more education in the fiction of a free library than in Latin and Greek.

"The year of the rose is brief," sang Swinburne in the old days of the "Poems and Ballads," but the Rev. A. Foster-Melliar has another story to tell, in his delightful "Book of the Rose," which has now reached a second edition, having found favour with rose-growers and lovers of gardens, amateur and professional alike, in many parts of the world. Rector of Sproughton, in Suffolk, the reverend author finds time to minister to his roses as well as to his flock; indeed, parishioners know that he may be found in his rose-garden when his duties do not call him elsewhere. Roses must be tended through the year if they are to delight us in the summer-time; for the brief hours of our pleasure we must toil at all seasons, regardless of wind and weather. How to treat roses with due regard to their habits is the object of the author's inquiry, and as he has devoted long years to the subject and has succeeded in taking some of the best trophies offered to successful rose-growers, his opinions are entitled to all respect. He writes simply, with the charm that should be born of devotion to any subject, and more particularly to the subject of rose-culture. To read his book is to forget that one lives in a busy, bustling, overcrowded city that can only blossom with scaffolding and red cloth. He takes us to a garden world, an enchanted region where we may watch with him "the reign of the roses, over the rose-crowned land. The "Book of the Rose" is something to be grateful for.

In this "Rossetti" Mr. F. M. Hueffer supplies the rather slight text for a very handy little book. Rossetti has been the subject of large volumes, of the kind called sumptuous, but here we have something for the pocket, with little blocks from the principal pictures and from a few of the drawings. In some respects the best things Rossetti ever did were the pencil drawings of his wife; and this Ruskin perceived very early in his friendship with the painter-poet. The present volume is



ROSSETTI'S FINEST PORTRAIT OF HIS WIFE.

Reproduced from Mr. F. M. Hueffer's "Critical Essay," by permission of Mr. W. M. Rossetti and the publishers.

decorated with one of the very finest—the well-known and exquisitely lovely study of Mrs. Rossetti in three-quarters, in an arm-chair, with a cushion under her loosened hair, in which the amateur of genius has visibly overcome the difficulties that were in other cases too much for him. And here also is the many times reproduced portrait of Mr. Watts-Dunton, which is of all Rossetti's drawings the worst and the least interesting in execution. Among the portraits of his wife we have also the full face with rolling hair, so fine in expression, so noble in drawing, but disfigured by the swollen eyelid. Mr. Hueffer has not hesitated to give specimens of Rossetti's shakiest drawings, as in "La Ghirlandata," and of his most hopelessly bad work, as in "The Frail Maiden," as well as of his best. This we do not grudge; for it is only another way of saying the obvious thing—that Rossetti was a poet first and a draughtsman afterwards. As a biographer Mr. Hueffer knows, perhaps, too much of his subject to tell anything that was not already matter of public knowledge. He is discreet, as was right, and his criticism is temperate.

THE PRIMATE AND THE SONS OF THE EMPIRE.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY PREACHING TO THE COLONIAL TROOPS AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE, SUNDAY, JULY 6.

The large Central Hall of the Alexandra Palace was almost filled with Colonial soldiers. At a reading-desk, draped with the Union Jack, the Rev. Keith Steele, Chaplain to the Camp, read the service, and the Archbishop delivered a stirring address upon the Christian soldier. After the Benediction, "God Save the King" was sung.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The illness of the King, causing, under its peculiar circumstances, world-wide regret, has also excited a large amount of interest in respect of its special nature. The early medical bulletins published in the newspapers were Greek and Hebrew to the public because of the technicality in which they were couched. Hence many persons have been led to inquire into the physicians' terms, thereby opening up by no means a purely medical study, but one which possesses for the biologist a very special degree of importance. Many of us, however, are perfectly familiar with the term "appendicitis," and not a few persons unhappily have to record their painful and practical experience of that ailment.

In order to appreciate clearly the biological side of the question, with which alone we have to deal here, it is necessary to note first of all the special relations of the digestive apparatus in certain of its parts. Every digestive system is really a tube, along which food passes, and within which chemical and physical changes occur in the nutrient, fitting it for repairing and renewing the blood, this last being, as it were, the common currency of the body, whence all parts derive their sustenance. The stomach itself is only an expanded part of the tube, in which the food is delayed for a time that it may undergo certain important actions. Now, succeeding the stomach, we find by far the longest part of the tube in the shape of the intestine. In man, this latter portion measures 26 ft. in length. It is divided into a first length of 20 ft., which we name the small intestine, and into a succeeding length of 6 ft. or so, termed the large. That which is specially interesting to the biologist is the manner in which the small portion joins the large intestine. It is not a case of a small tube simply passing into one of bigger calibre. On the contrary, the small intestine merges into the large at right angles, so to speak, and below the junction there is found the first part of the large intestine known as the *cæcum*.

This latter portion, therefore, lies off the beaten track of the tube, to speak familiarly. Food has practically no need to pass into it. It is a *cul de sac*, in fact, and measures in man about two and a half inches in each direction. That which impresses us regarding this *cæcum*, or blind pouch, is its apparently useless nature. We shall see presently that if we hold it to be in man, and certain of his near neighbours, a vestigial structure—a remnant of something that is much better developed in lower life—our conclusions will not be likely to be held seriously in dispute. More interesting still is the fact that, lying at the lower part and towards the back of the *cæcum* itself, and opening into the *cæcum*, is a worm-like appendage. This last is known as the "vermiform appendix." In length, it varies. From three to six inches may be described as its extremes, while in diameter it may be compared to a goose-quill. It is this appendix which, when inflamed, gives rise to what the surgeon calls "appendicitis"; and it is this structure which is so frequently removed by operation, so that it may trouble the patients no more.

In saying that in the case of the human *cæcum* and its little appendix we are dealing with parts which are largely useless or "rudimentary," we have ample support from the details with which natural history science provides us. Long ago Darwin, in his "Descent of Man," wrote of the appendix as a rudiment, varying much in development in humanity, but never approaching the proportions it is liable to attain in certain other mammals. He adds, what our later knowledge fully confirms, that it is apt to act as a trap for seeds and other indigestible matters, which, entering the appendix, set up inflammation. But the wider view of matters is that which sees not in the appendix only, but in the *cæcum* itself, parts which are vestigial in their nature; and a glance at comparative anatomy suffices to show the justice of this contention.

For example, the *cæcum* is of enormous size in the horse. In the hare it is also very large. There is an Australian "pouched" animal, a neighbour of the kangaroos, the koala, in which the length of the *cæcum* is estimated at thrice that of the animal's body. In the opossum, on the other hand, it is short, and in the porpoise, weasel, and hedgehog it is practically absent. Those curious animals, the lemurs, have a *cæcum* which is lengthy, and which has its end drawn out into a conical appendage. This latter fact would appear to show that the little appendix merely represents the atrophied or degenerate termination of the *cæcum* itself. The appendix is not common in the quadruped class. It exists in higher apes, and in the orang is described as large and somewhat twisted; while Owen notes that in the chimpanzee the division between the appendix and the *cæcum* is very distinctly marked, a type of things resembling that found in man.

We may reasonably conclude that the appendix and *cæcum* therefore represent in higher mammals at large parts that are on the wane, so to speak, and the mere fact that the former is sometimes wanting altogether supports this view of matters. In this respect we witness a result of evolution affecting the digestive organs. Whether the changes induced in the parts under notice are due to changes in diet, or to other and deeper-seated causes, is difficult to determine. Possibly, from the scientific side, one might be justified in arguing that the frequent liability of this portion of our anatomy to the attack of disease is a proof of the rudimentary nature of the organs. Disease may be one way or method of disposing of them as useless structures, just as disuse of a part tends to work out its disappearance. Be that as it may, it is certain that our possession of an appendix is by no means a fact whereof we may be proud from the medical standpoint. Its presence is a menace in one sense to our safety, seeing that under conditions of modern life there exists a plain liability for the appendix to cause serious trouble.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to *Chess Editor*.

R H ANDREWS (Jersey).—Your problem as per further diagram shall receive our attention.

ALPHONSE BECK.—We are much obliged for your puzzle, but it is a class of problem we never make use of. At the same time, we are unable to see how you can prove Black's last move was *P* to *Q* *Kt* 4th, a most essential fact to justify the capture *en passant*.

D C Gregson (Kensington).—Mason's "The Principle of Chess," page 22, will afford you the necessary explanation of the Forsyth notation which you quote.

G Bakker (Rotterdam).—The game is drawn.

C C W Sumner (Warwick).—The position shall be examined.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 3029 to 3031 received from M Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur); of No. 3033 from C Field Junior (Athol, Mass.) and Robert Howard Hixon (New York City); of No. 3034 from A H B. Alessandro Bolognini (Verona), and Joseph Oxford (Liverpool); of No. 3035 from A H B. Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Corporal T Laxton (Scots Guards), S Watson (Leavesden), F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), A G (Pancsova), T Colledge Halliburton (Jedburgh), E L Southlands (Cheltenham), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and E J Winter Wood.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3036 received from Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), Albert Wolff (Putney), T Roberts, Reginald Gordon, C E Perugini, L Desanges, T Colledge Halliburton (Jedburgh), V R Rogers (Norwich), F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), Edward J Sharpe, Martin F, E J Winter-Wood, Edith Corser (Reigate), Hereward, J D Tucker (Isle), J Coad, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), W D Easton (Sunderland), F J S (Hampstead), Shadforth, H Le Jeune, H T Heaton (Liverpool), H S Brandreth (Weybridge), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), W A Lillico (Edinburgh), Joseph Cook (Pickering), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Thomas M Eglington (Handsworth), Frank Day (Upper Tooting), and R Worts (Canterbury).

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3035.—By HERBERT A. SALWAY.

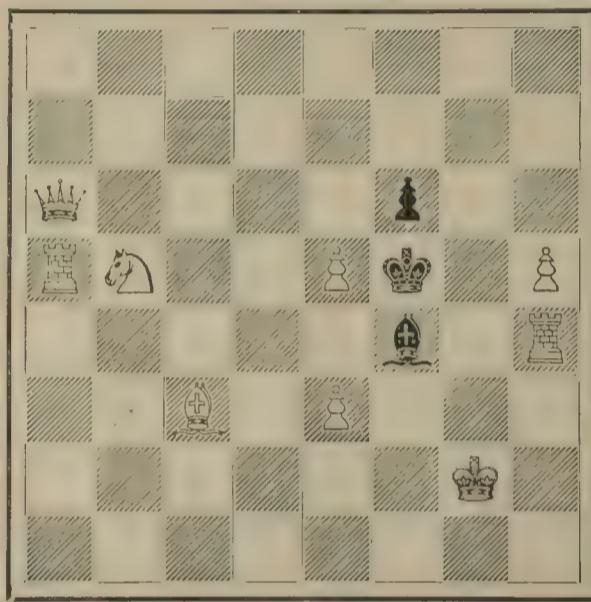
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. <i>Q</i> to <i>Kt</i> 5th	<i>K</i> takes <i>P</i>
2. <i>B</i> to <i>B</i> 8th (dis. ch)	<i>K</i> moves
3. <i>Q</i> mates	

If Black play 1. *Kt* to *B* 3rd, 2. *Q* to *B* 4th (ch); if 1. *B* takes *B*, 2. *Q* takes *B* (ch); if 1. *B* to *B* sq, 2. *B* to *K* 5th (ch); and if 1. *Kt* to *Kt* 3rd, then 2. *Q* to *B* sq; and 3. *Q* mates.

10. STALEMATE.

## PROBLEM NO. 3038.—By W. A. CLARK.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played by Telegraph between Messrs. Lipschutz (Manhattan) and W. P. SHIPLEY (Philadelphia). (French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. <i>P</i> to <i>K</i> 4th	<i>P</i> to <i>K</i> 3rd	There is some fine play by White from this point.	
2. <i>P</i> to <i>Q</i> 4th	<i>P</i> to <i>Q</i> 4th	23. <i>Q</i> to <i>R</i> sq	<i>B</i> to <i>Kt</i> 2nd
3. <i>Kt</i> to <i>Q</i> <i>B</i> 3rd	<i>Kt</i> to <i>K</i> <i>B</i> 3rd	25. <i>Q</i> to <i>R</i> 8th	<i>K</i> to <i>Jt</i> 2nd
4. <i>P</i> to <i>K</i> 5th		26. <i>B</i> to <i>Kt</i> 5th	<i>K</i> to <i>Q</i> 2nd
5. <i>P</i> to <i>K</i> 4th		27. <i>Q</i> to <i>R</i> 4th	<i>B</i> to <i>Q</i> 2nd
6. <i>P</i> takes <i>P</i>		28. <i>Kt</i> to <i>B</i> 6th	<i>B</i> to <i>B</i> 2nd
7. <i>P</i> to <i>Q</i> 3rd	<i>Kt</i> to <i>Q</i> 3rd	29. <i>B</i> to <i>K</i> 3rd	<i>B</i> takes <i>Kt</i>
8. <i>Q</i> to <i>Kt</i> 4th	<i>B</i> takes <i>P</i>	30. <i>P</i> takes <i>B</i>	<i>B</i> to <i>Q</i> sq
9. <i>Kt</i> to <i>B</i> 3rd	<i>Castles</i>	31. <i>Q</i> to <i>R</i> 8th	<i>P</i> to <i>Q</i> 4th
10. <i>Q</i> to <i>R</i> 3rd	<i>P</i> to <i>B</i> 4th	32. <i>Q</i> to <i>Kt</i> 7th	<i>Q</i> takes <i>Q</i>
11. <i>B</i> to <i>Q</i> 3rd	<i>Kt</i> to <i>Q</i> 5th	If <i>P</i> to <i>Kt</i> 5th, White wins by <i>B</i> to <i>Kt</i> 6th, etc. Mr. Lipschutz is not often heard of now. Evidently he is still a master of the art.	
12. <i>Q</i> takes <i>Kt</i>	<i>Kt</i> takes <i>Kt</i> (ch)	33. <i>P</i> takes <i>Q</i>	<i>B</i> to <i>B</i> 2nd
13. <i>Castles</i>	<i>Kt</i> to <i>K</i> 2nd	34. <i>B</i> to <i>B</i> 5th	<i>B</i> to <i>Kt</i> sq
14. <i>K</i> to <i>R</i> sq	<i>Kt</i> to <i>B</i> 4th	35. <i>B</i> to <i>Q</i> 6th	<i>B</i> to <i>R</i> 2nd
15. <i>P</i> takes <i>Kt</i>	<i>Kt</i> takes <i>B</i>	36. <i>P</i> to <i>Kt</i> 8th (a <i>Q</i> )	<i>B</i> takes <i>Q</i>
16. <i>Kt</i> to <i>K</i> 2nd	<i>Q</i> to <i>Q</i> 2nd	37. <i>B</i> takes <i>B</i>	<i>P</i> to <i>Kt</i> 5th
17. <i>P</i> to <i>Q</i> 4th	<i>P</i> to <i>Q</i> 4th	38. <i>B</i> to <i>Q</i> 6th	<i>P</i> to <i>Kt</i> 6th
18. <i>B</i> to <i>Q</i> 2nd	<i>P</i> takes <i>P</i>	39. <i>B</i> to <i>R</i> 3rd	<i>K</i> to <i>Kt</i> 3rd
19. <i>P</i> takes <i>P</i>	<i>R</i> takes <i>R</i>	40. <i>K</i> to <i>Kt</i> sq	<i>K</i> to <i>R</i> 4th
20. <i>B</i> to <i>Kt</i> and once is superior. Then if <i>R</i> takes <i>R</i> , <i>Black</i> commands the file.	<i>Kt</i> to <i>B</i> 4th	41. <i>K</i> to <i>B</i> 2nd	<i>K</i> to <i>Kt</i> 5th
21. <i>Kt</i> to <i>Q</i> 4th	<i>R</i> to <i>R</i> sq	42. <i>K</i> to <i>K</i> 3rd	<i>P</i> to <i>R</i> 3rd
22. <i>R</i> takes <i>R</i> (ch)	<i>B</i> takes <i>R</i>	43. <i>B</i> to <i>B</i> sq	<i>P</i> to <i>Kt</i> 4th
23. <i>Q</i> to <i>Q</i> sq		44. <i>P</i> takes <i>P</i>	<i>P</i> takes <i>P</i>

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## WITH THE PEA-PICKERS.

Yesterday afternoon Miss Bell, mistress of Maychester's school, proclaimed the annual holidays; this morning all her promising pupils were at work by five o'clock. For a fortnight at least the schoolhouse will be closed, and though the children work harder than they do at any other season, there will be no complaints. It is the time of pea-picking, and just now three generations are at work in the fields, while in some few cases a fourth generation assists. You can go down the High Street to-day and find more than half the shops closed; the loungers have left the Wheatsheaf, and though the landlady sits in receipt of custom, as is her wont, she has sent her children to the fields.

The men and women of Maychester look forward to pea-picking time as a poet looks through the mists of winter towards the sunshine of spring, or a grasping landlord looks to quarter-day. The yeomen who follow the plough, mow the hay, cut the corn, and bind the sheaves in this corner of Lancashire are poorly paid—fourteen shillings is their guerdon for a week of twelve-hour days; and as the yeoman usually takes to himself a wife, and is as successful in replenishing the earth as he is in subduing it, little bills will mount up, despite economies. To remedy the evil, Nature sent peas into Lancashire, and ordained that they should all ripen about the same time. Farmers in this district do not imitate their brethren in the fruit and hop counties: they merely arrange that the schools shall take holiday, and that a fair price shall be paid for labour. This price varies from one shilling to eighteenpence per sack, and a skilled picker, assisted by two or three children, can fill three sacks in a day, working with little intermission from sunrise to sunset.

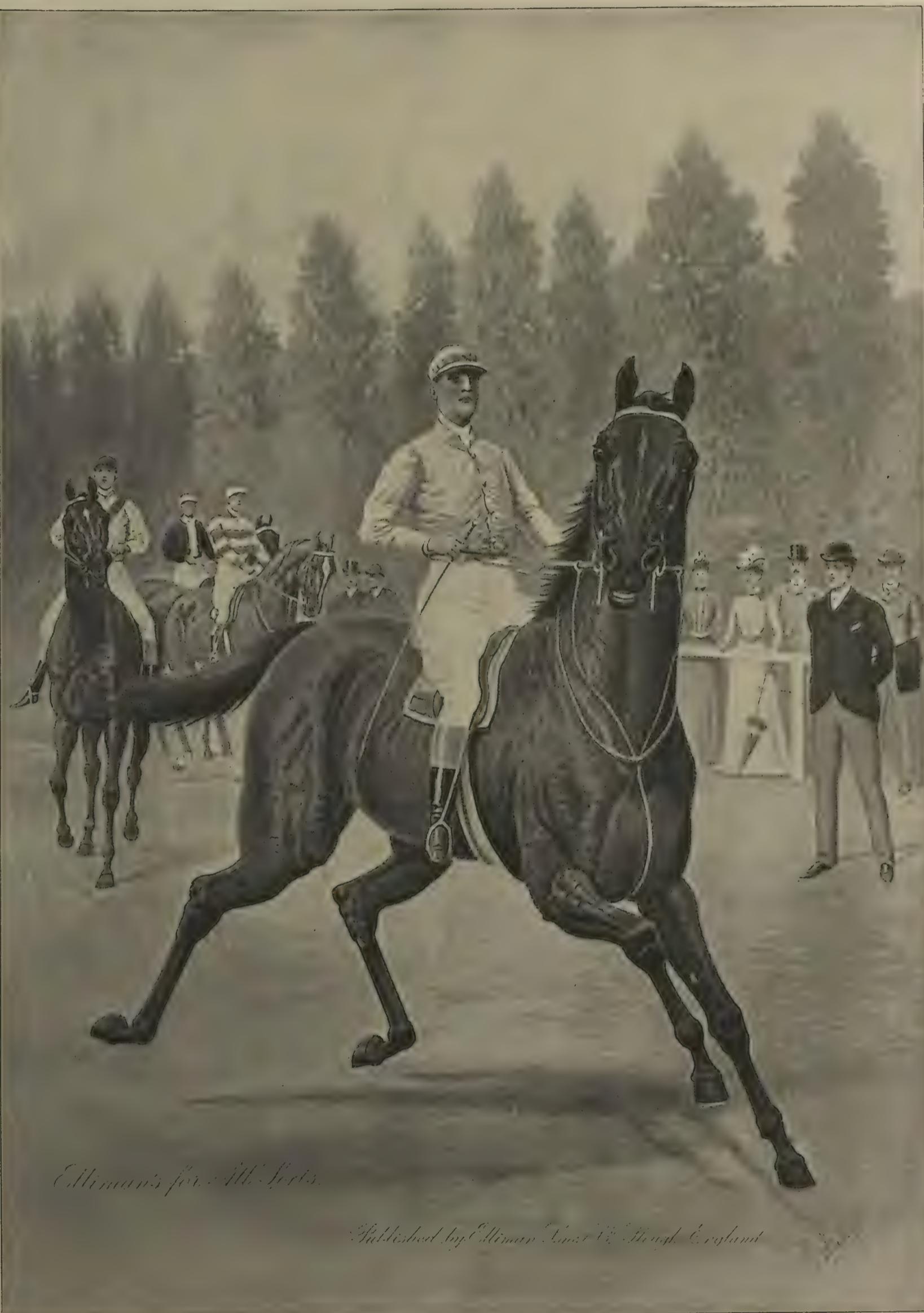
Forgetting the old-established rule of Maychester, I rode this morning through the deserted village, and came suddenly upon a field that seemed, from the distance below the hill-top, to hold a crop of sun-bonnets. The morning was young, the peas were standing well up, the workers were industrious with the industry of the first spell of work, and when I left my bicycle and entered the field, not a soul looked up to pass me the time of day. Men, women, and children were working hard, some deftly and others clumsily, women and girls in white sun-bonnets, men and boys in rough straw hats. Along the hedges were piles of coats, red handkerchiefs, probably sheltering bread-and-cheese, and tin cans not innocent of beer.

I went from group to group and subscribed a few pods to perhaps a dozen sacks. The style of working varied considerably. There were three old men, whose combined ages must have exceeded two hundred, working by themselves in one corner. They are neighbours, and their children and grandchildren, in one case the great-grandchildren, were working very vigorously in another part of the field; but these three veterans, who laboured on their knees because they could not stoop, and in leisurely fashion as became their age, told me that between them they expected to fill "nigh two sack a day." The money thus earned would go in a store of 'bacca that would keep their pipes alight in the long winter evenings, when they must be content to sit in the chimney-corner and think of the days when they were young and vigorous. Quite close to these old men, and away from the rest of the toilers, worked a tall, strong girl who seemed to have eyes for nothing but her task. A few years ago Bella Watt was esteemed the prettiest girl in Maychester, and was able to snub the yokels and to make the other girls jealous. Then came a smart commercial person of the type called "gent," with well-oiled hair, wonderful neckties, and fine talk of distant London and his possessions there. He does not work the round now, and poor Bella has the sneers and cruel wit of half Maychester to endure. She works savagely and untiringly; unaided, she is likely to fill three sacks a day, and that means more to her than most of us can imagine.

At about eleven o'clock the first symptoms of fatigue are made manifest, and a halt is called for "Beever." This is the name given to the short lunch in vogue among workers in this part of the country who breakfast before six o'clock and dine at about half-past one. Its origin I have not been able to discover, but it must be of ancient date, and is probably derived from the French *boire*; a suggestion made more reasonable by the frequent use of another French term, *largesse*, in this district.

The sun-bonnets pass from the centre of the field and cluster round the hedges; the elders console themselves with beer, and the youngsters abstract peas from their pockets and eat unostentatiously. To them the shell is as savoury as the pea; they waste nothing. Here and there a mother protests against the practice, sometimes with voice, sometimes with hand; but for the most part the women are too thirsty or too indulgent to interfere. In less than half an hour the work is resumed, while some dozen children, each in charge of a beer-can, go off in the direction of the Wheatsheaf. The sun becomes more splendid than before; the view over towards Maychester, with its red-tiled houses girdled by the fresh green trees, justifies the women who constantly rise up to look in the direction of their homes; but I fear that truth will not admit the suggestion that they are inspired by the scenery. They are looking to see whether their offspring are making due haste to return from the Wheatsheaf.

Dinner is taken in the hour of extreme heat,



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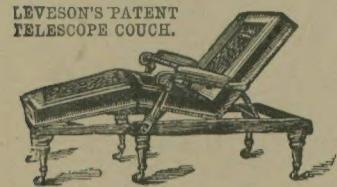
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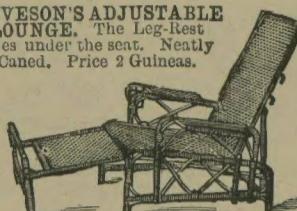
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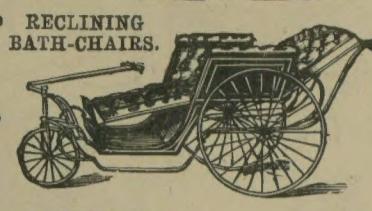
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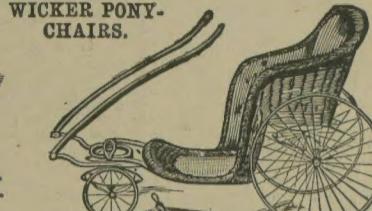
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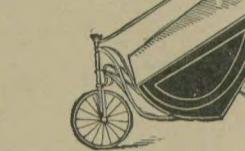
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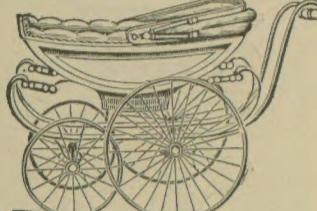
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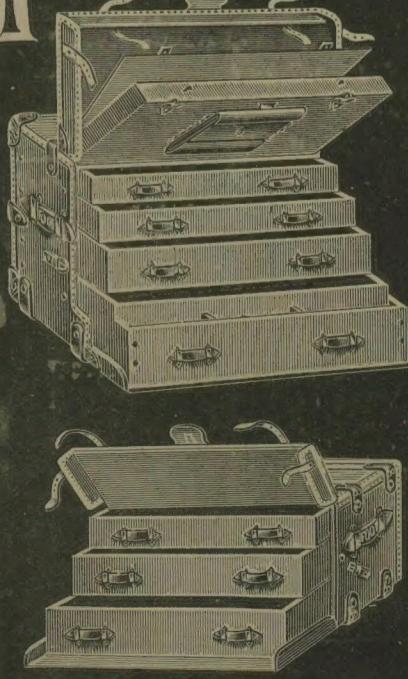
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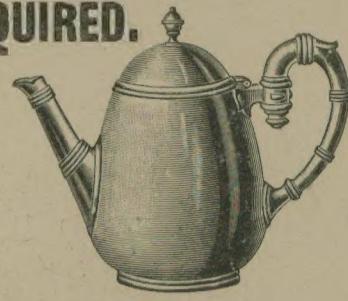
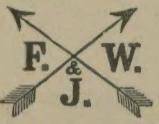
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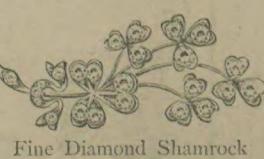
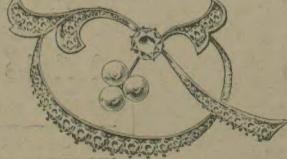
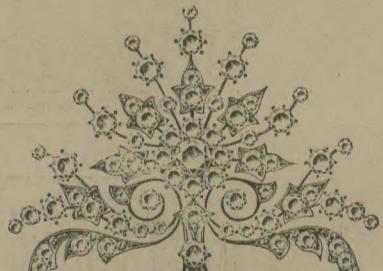
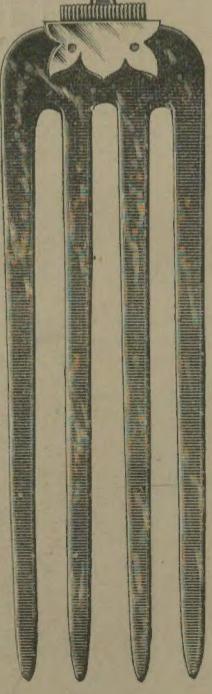
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